

THRILLING PRESENTATION FOR EVERY READER (SEE PAGES 4 & 5)

TRIBUTE
Vol. LX.
1573.

JOHN BULL



Of all
Chemists and
Hairdressers
in standard
bottles, big
tubes and the
new open-
neck bottles.

SO ANOTHER BRIGHT FELLOW HAS CHANGED TO

BRYLCREEM

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Rd.,
West Twyford, N.W.10.



THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

reg'd 384



"YOU would need to tie Johnny up to keep him out of mischief," was a mother's laughing remark about her small son. And she might have added: "Now school has broken up he will be more in the wars than ever!"

But Children's games and rough-and-tumble fun often lead to accidents—even to broken limbs—and then it is that "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift proves such a blessing to parents—a prompt cheque sent under the Children's Accident Section of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift enables parents to afford the necessary medical attention and little bedside luxuries without having to drain the home exchequer.

And what about yourself—and your home? Remember Children's accidents represent only one of the many benefits provided. Accidents to husband or wife

in home and garden, on the sports field, while boating and bathing, are all covered by "John Bull's" Great Free Gift of Security, which also protects you against loss by burglary. Moreover, "John Bull" is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST. "John Bull" is also the ONLY paper to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£849:9:2 PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK.

During the past week "John Bull" distributed no less than £849 9s. 2d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:—
Household and Sickness Benefits £507 9s. 2d.
Accident Benefits—Adults £106 6s. 8d.
Accident Benefits—Children's £226 6s. 0d.

£849 9s. 2d.

If you have not yet registered fill up the forms below now. One registration covers husband, wife, home and children (over 6 and under 15).

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8/8/36.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use J.B. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if J.B. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 8/8/36.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN
OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 8 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/8, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if 5/4, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2.

3d

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! SALE OF BINOCULARS

ESSENTIALLY REDUCED
ONLY 2/9
Post & Box 6d.
TO CLEAR
Just 40. Shill.
for the best.
Wide view.
Glass. Weather-
proof. Definition.
Magnification. 4
times. Excellent.
Binoculars covering.
Cannot be repeated. Order now or call
personally. Hours, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Satur-
days 1 o'clock. Orders by post accepted
by return.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned.
MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES LTD. (Dept. 50),
Royal Hotel Bldg., WOODEN PL., LONDON, W.1.

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR
Heart. **CURE OFF THE Danger List.**

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 30 days. Get it NOW! (Prescription No. 1198/7) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 10/6. Privately packed and post free at these prices from Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd., (Dept. J.B.36), 45, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and branches.

Descriptive Book J.B. 3001 Post Free.

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from 2/9
MONTHLY
Design S.S.
SMALL STORE
SHEDS from 20/-
DELIVERED on flat
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Long Wide High. Cash or 12 payments
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MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!
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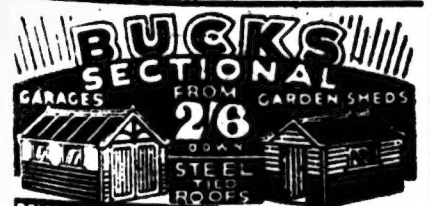
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A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

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THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.
EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.



WEAR THE 'H.A.S.-BRACE'
Conquer that Stoop! Be Young and Healthy! DEVELOP AN UPRIGHT GRACEFUL FIGURE. BREATHE BETTER! FEEL BETTER! LOOK BETTER! HARRISON'S ADJUSTABLE SHOULDER-BRACE. Keep Your Chest Expanded, Head Up And Shoulders Square. For Better Sex, Unforgettable. Also in **Plaster State Chest Measurement** at 3/6. Art. 618. R. HARRISON, 6 (L), Highfield at 3/6. TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.
NOTE: 'H.A.S.-BRACE' Combined with Trussor Supports or Waist-Belt 1/6 extra.



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FROM GARDEN SHEDS
2/6
STEEL TIED ROOFS
RELIANCE STEEL JOINTS
Specialty Selected Materials together with High Class Workmanship have made our name. Thousands of designs in Bucks Catalogue J.22, it's FREE.
BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works (Dept. J.22), Epsom Road, Epsom, Kent.
EASILY ERECTED—JUST BOLT TOGETHER.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

THIS WORLD FAMOUS SHOCKPROOF LEVER WRIST-WATCH IS YOURS for 1/- DOWN
UNBREAKABLE! VIBRATION PROOF! NON-MAGNETIC!
A Paramount Balanced finely jewelled Swiss Lever movement, which never fails to maintain accurate time under all conditions, is yours NOW for 1/- deposit and 1/- weekly until 32/6 has been paid (30/- CASH). Super Stainless Case and latest Bracelet to match, 30/- only (27/6 cash) if required with real hide strap. 10 YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Exquisite Ladies' Model same price and terms.
ANGLO-SWISS PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.3), 18-20, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1.

YOURS for 3/-

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES
Prism Binooculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification. Wide view. Screw and eyepiece. Focus Bending Bar. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Stippling. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. Balance payable 6/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 78/- only. Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses by Zeiss, Dornhelm, Chetani, Lumiere, Post Free.
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SOUNDS impossible. But just consider. We can show you that it can be your own experience.
That much-longed-for holiday means expense. The problem is how to raise the money. Why not do as thousands of others have done? Start a "Worldwide" Club and get a good Commission and profit-share. We know that you can do it, and we'll tell you exactly how simple it is.
You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from our warehouses—saving 5/- to 10/- in the £ on Footwear, Fashions, Crockery, and Household Goods of every description, and all on simple 1/- weekly terms. You get your welcome regular commission and profit-share.
Don't be left out. Post the coupon to-day (it costs but a 1/2d. stamp) for full particulars of this pleasant and profitable hobby—Free and without any obligation.

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To **WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE**, Charles St., Manchester, 1.
Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from 25 up to 65 and more in my spare time.
Name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
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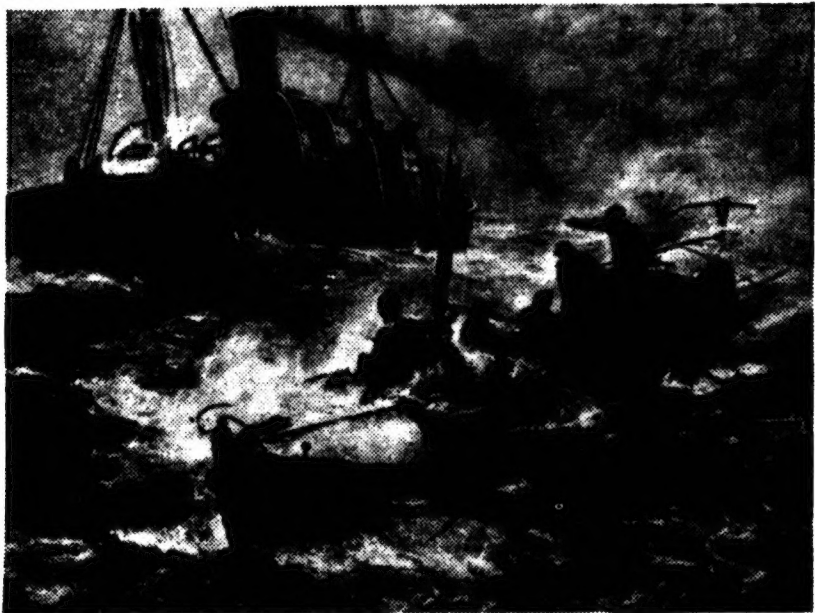
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SCHOOL holidays are here again, and 60,000 children are free from desk and classroom for a few weeks; free to fill in the long daylight hours with play and sport at the seaside, on playing fields—or in the streets.

Rest and recreation for them till the school bell starts tolling again—calling them back.

But one in twelve of them if they are boys, one in twenty-five if they are girls, will not go back. They will be dead or maimed in street accidents. Holiday time is a peak time for road accidents to children.

The official statistics tell us that in the past thirty years the number of children killed on the roads has trebled. But that is a cold statement which hardly drives the picture home. To get the position to-day, look at it this way—in the words of Mr. Hore-Belisha's wireless address to children the other day:

"Every hour of the day and night three children get in the way of traffic and are either killed or badly hurt. If only you or I could get hold of those three children who are going to be killed or badly hurt during the next hour—what a splendid service we could render."

Think of it during these next few weeks! Three children dead or maimed every hour of the twenty-four! You can hardly bear to think of it. But think we must, for thought leads to action. And no calamity was ever averted because its results were not nice to contemplate.

This road massacre of children is a disease—a disease in our social system. And we must set about finding a remedy just as a doctor does with an ailment in the human system—facing facts without repulsion and asking how, and why, and when, and where.

London has begun to do it. The L.C.C. has given a lead to the whole country by calling on its twenty-eight Metropolitan Boroughs to undertake a "laboratory study" of road accident causes and safety problems among schoolchildren.



Parents, teachers, police, the public generally, the children themselves—all are being asked to contribute suggestions for safety, and theories of any and every kind about the causes of accidents.

All of them will be examined, in connection with the known facts, by a permanent committee of each council. As the data are sifted and theories confirmed, action will be taken on each point.

It is not enough for local authorities to sit down and look at a mass of total accident figures. That gets them nowhere.

What is needed is a careful examination of each separate type of accident and a remedy worked out for each. Where this method has been attempted it has been a success.

For instance, one council noted that about 45 per cent. of its road deaths among children were due to their rushing into the roads and similar faults of impulsiveness. Then it scrutinised every accident—the time, the place and the conditions which led to it.

Some, it found, happened when children came

STOP this Child Slaughter



An enlightened school, where children are taught road safety by the use of a model busy thoroughfare

running out of school, others when they were running after a ball or a toy, others again through skylarking, cap-snatching and similar tricks.

Then it took action. One step was to remodel some of the school exits, making a side-road exit in some cases and putting a guard rail at the kerb edge in others.

Another step was to get teachers and other workers to drum into the heads of the children the dangers of street larks.

Children can be reported to the teachers if they are seen riskily playing in the streets to or from school.

It is now taking advice as to whether it can prohibit children from carrying a ball or movable toy in the streets. These may seem drastic steps, but this council has brought down its accident figures with a run.



Another authority in a large factory district, similarly analysing its accident causes for a simple remedy for some, noticed that many mishaps occurred just at the dinner hour. The children were let out of school at 12 o'clock, at the same time as the factories were releasing streams of workers in motor cars, on motor cycles

and cycles on to the roads, all of them hurrying to get home to their meal.

So it simply put the school-leaving time back to a quarter to twelve, when the roads were more or less empty. The accident rate immediately dropped.

Still another authority has tackled the road slaughter of children in its area by instituting voluntary patrols who see younger children safely to and from school when the parent is unable to do so, and conduct children across the busier streets.

It has appealed to parents by a publicity campaign telling them, among other things, not to send children on errands just before school time. This is a frequent cause of accidents. The child, fearing to be late for school, takes risks at crossings or loses its usual cautions.

These are only a few examples of what can be done when the problem is scientifically examined. The trouble is that such methods are carried out in only a few places fortunate in having enlightened councils. There has been no attempt to apply the various protection measures when they are found to be sound, on anything like a national scale.

JOHN BULL can echo that phrase of Mr. Hore-Belisha's—"If only you or I could get hold of those three children who are going to be killed or badly hurt during the next hour—what a splendid service we could render."

But we believe that the best way of getting

hold of those children is to get hold of the local authorities in whose hands, and on whose wit and skill and safety measures, the lives and bodies of those children largely depend.

There must be no more inertia and obstruction in dealing with this dreadful problem. It is not enough to bemoan the roads' massacre of children; and easy "get-outs" like blaming it all on the motorist and imposing a jungle of traffic legislation have served their day.



Motor transport has come to stay. It is not going to become less, it is going to become greater. And the motorist of to-morrow is no more likely to become a divine being endowed with inhuman prescience and skill than he is to-day.

London has shown the way to the only method of tackling this daily tragedy. You must X-ray the causes of every accident as well as the broken bodies of the victims.

We want to see similar committees and organisation in operation forthwith in every district in the country. For it is a problem on which knowledge should be pooled.

London cannot claim a monopoly of the best brains in the country, and although it has proudly sponsored this "Council of Action" scheme, it is a case where it would be just as glad to follow as to lead.

So let us all get together and end this massacre of the children.

Putting Our Gangsters on the Spot

We Deny Mr. Brown's Denial Wages that Spell Death

WE must all thank Mr. Justice Hilbery. His heavy sentences on sixteen race-gangsters at Lewes Assizes are in everyone's interests; for already our gangsters are so powerful that the accused men, even after arrest, expected to escape conviction. Witnesses, they thought, would be too terrified to testify against them.

Intimidation

Mark Frater, the man whom they were charged with wounding, actually disappeared before the trial.

Though the police found him and compelled him to attend the court, his evidence was significantly inconclusive. His whole demeanour in the witness-box was that of a man in fear of his life.

But the prisoners and their friends did not suspect how much the police knew.

Watching detectives

They did not suspect that, when one of them attempted to intimidate Frater in a public house, police officers were close at hand—and watching.

They did not know that for weeks every person concerned in the case had been shadowed by picked officers, that the trial was the culmination of six months' secret work by the police.

Secret conference

We can also reveal that a secret conference was held at Scotland Yard six or seven months ago to consider the new race-gang menace which JOHN BULL drew attention to some time ago.

The measures adopted played a big part in securing the arrest of these sixteen men. They included close collaboration with the police chiefs of the areas in which race-courses are situated, special watch on the courses by skilled officers, and so on.

In a word, the authorities were well prepared for the outrage which led to the present trial—the worst of its kind since the war.

How it arose

The official theory is that Frater, and a companion who was also hurt, were not the intended victims, and that the outrage had its origin in an old quarrel between rival gang leaders. And on the day in question the rogues who have now been convicted were searching for one of those leaders to "beat him up."

Having been forewarned, he stayed away. So the thugs turned upon Frater and another man.

In these circumstances, you will not be surprised to hear that the cost of their defence was met by certain gangster associates and friends.

This is even more interesting when we add that one of the men constantly mentioned at the trial was a man who had himself served a long term of penal servitude for manslaughter, and whose defence on that occasion was paid for in the same way!

Stern warning

No fewer than a hundred and fifty of the accused's associates were in the precincts of the court at one time or another during the trial. Most of them were carefully kept out—until the jury retired to consider the verdict.

Then they were admitted to hear the judge pronounce sentences ranging from eighteen months to five years; to hear, also, his stern warning:

"Crimes of gang violence in this country will meet with no mercy. Let that be understood by each one of you, and let it be understood by your many friends who have congregated at this Assize to hear your trial."

Fight goes on

We admire Mr. Justice Hilbery's conduct of the trial. We think our readers will agree that his tribute to the "alertness" of the police was highly deserved and that the jury displayed commendable shrewdness.

We can say that this alertness will not



Mr. Justice Hilbery, who has taught our race gangsters a sharp lesson

be relaxed, and that another batch of gangsters may soon find themselves in the dock.

When they do not one will complain if they get Hilbery justice.

Orders for abroad

It's a nasty shock to hear that some of our new armament orders—particularly for machine tools used in shell manufacture—are going to Germany.

British taxpayers are finding the money. British workers were promised the jobs. Now, says the Government lamely, British industry can't produce all that is needed.

It knows best

During the slump, Lloyd George and the Labour leaders urged that the unemployed should be put to work re-equipping the basic trades—particularly the steel and engineering industries.

But the Government knew best. It continued to pay skilled men for hanging around the street corners.

Isn't that lucky for Germany?

We deny it

We've a bone to pick with Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour. And if the bone isn't a clean one that's not our fault.

In our issue of June 20 we told how a South Wales girl was found work in London and sent to lodgings approved by the Ministry of Labour. She found the lodgings verminous and insanitary. There were male lodgers as well as girls; some of the latter had to sleep two in a bed.

We asked Mr. Arthur Jenkins, M.P., to raise the matter in Parliament. He did, to be told by Mr. Brown that the information was "wholly misleading."

Will he answer?

Mr. Brown also said he would send a detailed report to Mr. Jenkins. After considerable delay, Mr. Jenkins managed to get this document.

It declares that the premises were inspected and found satisfactory. But it admits that (as we said) six girls occu-

pled a single room and some slept two in a bed. It admits there was no bathroom. It admits that girls have been removed from the house.

If the premises were satisfactory, why did those girls have to be taken away? In what respect was our article "wholly misleading"?

We want an answer, Mr. Brown.

Pilgrims complain

We have received complaints from some of the Canadian pilgrims to the Vimy Ridge Memorial. They declare it was almost impossible to obtain a reasonably priced meal in the district and that they were even charged a franc for a glass of water!

Reminds one of the war days, doesn't it?

Domestic courts

Just listen to this: "Special sessions should be held for matrimonial cases, so they can be heard apart from criminal business. One of the magistrates should be a woman. Applicants for separation orders should be seen first by a magistrate, with the assistance of a clerk."

Doesn't that sound like the suggestion which JOHN BULL first made many years ago? Actually, it is part of the circular sent by Sir John Simon to all Benches.

Better late than never!

Help for mothers

It's cheering to hear of new drugs that may save the lives of mothers in childbirth. The real difficulty (as with anaesthetics) may be that old-fashioned hospitals and nursing homes will refuse to use them.

Evening hospitals

So it is with the Socialist doctors' plea for evening clinics for hospital outpatients.

An excellent plea! Of course, no man should have to lose a day's work to attend hospital!

But we fear most hospitals will find that "the difficulties are too great."

Deadly wages

Death-rate for people earning 25s. to 35s. a week is more than twice as high as that for people who get 75s.

This fact, which deserves to be as well known as Mr. Micawber's phrase about income and expenditure, is quoted at a Herefordshire County Council meeting.

But the council still refuses to increase roadmen's wages to 34s. a week!

Firm refusal

Though told it is "a disgrace to treat in such a manner a man who has rendered magnificent service to the town," Tipton councillors refuse to let a council house to a former council chairman.

Knowing he is in a position to build a house of his own, while many others less fortunate are clamouring for the vacant dwelling, it would be a disgrace did they decide otherwise.

Will other councils please note?

Luxury's lap

A tale that makes our knuckles itch comes from South Shields. It concerns a gentleman named Mr. Richard Wilson, who, drawing 41s. a week in relief, has been attending dances and other festivities in a dinner suit.

Two of his five children have been

cared for by his sister. The other three have been found ill-dressed in a filthy room, and their father explains that he let them "drift" with a view to getting them in a home!

Well, he will spend the next three months in a different sort of home—jail. Rightly so!

How officialdom works

If you don't know yet how officialdom works, listen to this:

A Coventry woman, whose husband died last February, applied for a widow's pension. Twice since she has been told that her case is being considered. Now she has received a letter notifying her dead husband that he has been "re-instated to medical benefit."

Can anyone find a grain of excuse for such inhuman blundering?

Making hay—

Warning to motorists: Think twice about the tempting offers of cut-price insurance companies. And then, if you still can't make up your mind, write to us about it.

The cheap motor-car policies they issue are in many cases worthless, being backed by inadequate financial resources. But the companies are trying to make hay while the sun shines, for a Departmental Committee now sitting is likely to advise drastic changes in the insurance law. So be on your guard!

Unfair

Durham County authorities do not think it unfair that dependents of Territorials should have to seek poor relief while the latter are on their annual training. Nor do we.

Surely the War Office should realise that by refusing adequate separation allowances it is proving itself the worst of recruiting agents.

In memoriam!

Hull won't allow illuminated advertisement signs to be erected just behind its Cenotaph, but at Pen-y-cae, near Wrexham, the local rulers want to put a 'phone kiosk in the memorial gardens which commemorate thirty-six village war heroes.

Why not stamp machines and pin tables as well?

Swindler's harvest

Mock-auctions are once more enjoying their harvest in holiday resorts. And the Bill designed by Sir Reginald Clarry to end this scandalous ramp lies stranded on the Parliamentary shelves.

It is true that people shouldn't be gullible enough to swallow the swindlers' bait. It is also true that the law should not turn a blind eye to the swindlers.

Obvious

Underpaid, overworked, often badly housed, is it to be wondered at that there's a shortage of institution nurses?

Now the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, which next year will start a campaign to secure 1,600 more nurses, is "considering whether the lack of candidates is not due to salaries not being up to modern standards."

We should have thought the fact needed no consideration whatever.

Shocking figures

As we predicted, the Overcrowding Survey shows that more than 340,000 homes in England and Wales are overcrowded.

"A social document of the first importance," comments Sir Kingsley Wood. Yes, and one of the most shocking documents ever produced.

It is clear that he and the local authorities have an immense job to tackle. We hope they lose no time about it.

Simple fun

Scarborough, like London, is annoyed because the powers-that-be will dig up important roads in the midst of the holiday season.

But surely that is only one of the minor jokes of the highways. It's much funnier to lay down an expensive new road, decide to put pipes and wires under it, and then tear it up and start the whole business over again.



I have Met—These Terrible GIRL Soldiers

TEN-THIRTY on a hot night last May. The moon seemed like a great lamp over the open roof of the Plaza del Toros in Madrid. A great Popular Front meeting was to be held. The stone seats of the vast amphitheatre were being rapidly filled—a mixed crowd, ladies in mantillas, men in city dress.

I wondered where the young men and women were.

A long shrill trumpet, the sounds of the Internationale, and Youth marched into the arena. But it was not the young men in their uniforms of blue overall and trade union badge that took my eye. In shirts of one colour or the other, either for Fascism or Communism or democracy, I have seen such youths march in just such processions in nearly every big town in Europe these last five years.

But nowhere, not even among the Socialists of pre-Hitler Berlin, had I seen such Marching Amazons. Heads high, shoulders well back, their careful precision made a much better show than the rather slovenly ranks of the men.

The Latin man fights well, but never gets used to looking like it. These Spanish girls were determined "to show the world."

Remember this was in Spain where many girls have never been taught to read, or if they can, are not allowed to read anything but their breviary. Some villages not far from Madrid are still Moorish in their traditions about women. There has been nothing like the swift change that has been brought in Spain since Gandhi called the women out of purdah to go to jail in 1930.

"These girls can handle weapons," said my Spanish friends. Didn't I know that! I had seen those who had been in real fighting.

In 1934 I had been in Oviedo just after the trouble there, when the miners had had to fight for their homes against the Foreign Legion. The girls everyone was talking about were Sacy and Aida Lafuente. When the miners from the hills had been defeated and many taken prisoners they rallied the rearguard. Sacy displayed such courage that the officers of the Foreign Legion offered to spare her life and treat her with all honour if she would surrender. She replied to that with a machine-gun and fell riddled with bullets.

Another girl from Mieres, nicknamed La Libertaria, organised a band of women to defend the village when all the young men had marched to help Oviedo. She said to me, "The older women knew how to shoot. We young ones didn't then. We do now."

There is therefore nothing strange to the women of the North in fighting with the men. In Madrid tradition was too strong for many of them in 1934. But since then they have been drilling steadily and quietly.

"Seems too grim to me," I said to Margreta Nelkan, the Socialist woman M.P., who has worked as hard in the peace movement as I have tried to do. "After all, if women start slaughter, the floodgates are open . . . and into the abyss."

She shrugged a shoulder. "You haven't seen what Spanish civil fighting is like," she said. "There is no mercy. Our women have been tortured before their husbands to make the man give information. It's all in, when the fight is on. Our girls won't stand by and see the men killed."

The anarchists of Spain have always depended more on their womenfolk than any other Party in Spain—and therefore they are trained both in using weapons and as spies.

Unseen terror

Quite incredibly brave things have been done by the women spies of the anarchists in Barcelona and the South. During the terror of 1934 they were the eyes and ears.

The waitress at the officers' table, the laundress who took the washing of the judges, the simple, loutish-looking country girls clearing away while talk was going on—every word spoken went back to the anarchist rooms and judgment was pronounced accordingly. A kind of invisible terror was woven round the officers who had been sent by the Lerroux Government to punish the



The courage of the women fighters in Spain is almost incredible; and "they fight like tigresses"

by ELLEN
WILKINSON, M.P.

rebels. The terror lasted a shorter time in Barcelona than anywhere in Spain.

This time, as in 1934, the best women fighters come from the Tetuan and Cuatros Caminos districts of Madrid. A wild lot they have there even in peace time. I was taken through that area by Isabel Palencia, artist and writer, herself a woman of the greatest courage.

Tetuan is the area where the bullfighters (all but the stars, of course) and the various bull-ring attendants live. The women there are no strangers to weapons. I was told, however, that the men do not like to see the really wild lot with arms—the prostitute is never allowed to keep a weapon or fight in the ranks.

Cool fighters

The workmen of the Cuatros Caminos are a solid body of men. A woman who can shoot straight fills the place of a dead man—but she has to accept discipline. The women's living quarters of the smaller number who fought in 1934 were kept rigidly separate from the men.

Ramon Sender, the Spanish novelist, and author of the anarchist novel "Red Sundays," told me that the girls could not be induced to give up their necklaces or bracelets. They put the uniform coat over their thin blouses. "They remained women all the time" he said—to soothe me for not being too enthusiastic about his girl soldiers.

Everyone told me that the factory girl makes the best soldier. The peasant women will fight like tigresses with anything that comes handy to defend their homes.

The Arabs in 1934 couldn't be induced to go into some Asturian villages where they would have to be in close quarters with peasant women ready to tear them to bits. But the peasant woman won't leave her village.

The girls from the textile or the paper mill are used to discipline, used to dust and noise and crowds, and keep cool in the heat of the fighting.

"I thought the women were far cooler than the inexperienced youths—not as good as the seasoned men, of course," said Pretecelle, who, as one of the famous corps of foreign Press correspondents in Spain, saw a lot of the fighting in Madrid, for an English newspaper.

Civil war of course, raises an entirely different set of problems than a national war fought on the field. It is the cruellest kind of war. The professional spirit, the professional codes of honour

between belligerents, simply go up in the smoke.

The women have little chance of being treated as non-combatants. Their actual homes are being attacked. Whatever side they are on, if a gun is handy, they will take their share with the men and learn by doing. The disadvantage of this is that they waste a lot of ammunition at a time when that is rare and precious—and they drag all women into the mess if they are on the losing side.

The Spanish men I talked to claimed that as some women would fight anyway, it was better to train the young and strong, fit them with some recognisable uniform, and thus leave the older women to claim what mercy they could as non-combatants.

I simply give the argument as it was given to me . . . in Oviedo, in Madrid, in Valencia and in Barcelona.

The women already are sure of names among them that will ring through Spanish history. La Passionaria I met in the Cortes. She is a Member of Parliament. I wonder what they would make of her in our House of Commons.

Tall, slender, with a white, worn face and thick black hair laced with grey, her eyes are magnificent. She seemed rather sleepy, drinking tea while the talk eddled round her, when I first met her.

Great organiser

But I heard her speak that night in the Plaza del Toros, and her voice rang through that vast circle. She understood to perfection how to use the microphone. A difficult art for an emotional orator, to whom the loud-speaker can be an embarrassing nuisance.

Yet La Passionaria, in spite of the flamboyant title, is no mere actress. She has a cool head and is a first-rate organiser.

In this struggle, though she has not fought herself, she went to the area where the fighting has been at its most bitter because Fascists and Socialists are there most evenly matched. She was captured in the front line barricades.

As I sat in our placid House of Commons the other day I found myself wondering what is happening to her—a Communist in Fascist hands—and where are Margreta Nelkan, Isabel Martinez, Emilia Rey, daughter of a railwayman, and leader of the Asturian women.

When this struggle is over, and the fight for freedom is won, the position of women will never be quite the same again in Spain.

It's Good to be Born a Briton! . .

HIGH up on the roof of the Admiralty, in London, is a room that has never been busier since the days of the Great War.

It is the wireless transmitting room from which the Grand Fleet was controlled at the Battle of Jutland, from which every move of the German Fleet throughout four years of warfare was reported to our admirals in the North Sea.

To-day it looks as much a part of some monster war machine as it did then. In fact, a visitor listening to the incessant din of its transmitters as they send out messages in code throughout the night and day might well imagine that a war has broken out somewhere, in which Britain is involved.

But there is another and better reason for its tremendous activity to-day.

Hundreds of British lives are either in peril in Spain at the moment, or have been in the last week or so, as a result of the civil war. And it is one of the multifarious duties of the Royal Navy to give immediate help and succour to any British nationals in danger on foreign soil in any quarter of the globe.

Rescued

And so, at the behest of these chattering machines on the roof of the Admiralty, British warships are skirting the coasts of Spain in search of British subjects who might become victims of the terror that is raging there.

"Dah, dah, dah" . . . began the chattering instrument at 4.30 the other morning, just when the earliest London workers were rising to go about their peaceful pursuits.

And somewhere out on the high seas, hundreds of miles away, the destroyer *Garland* turned in the half-light of dawn to obey an order that read something like this: "Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan and two children on holiday at Villanueva, mid-way between Barcelona and Tarragona. Only British subjects there. Go and rescue them."

Within a very few hours the villagers of Villanueva—the four British visitors as well—saw a warship steaming up at full speed—and wondered. Spanish Government ship or rebel? A lot depended on it. Soon they knew.

"English, English," they cried, wonderingly, as it put out a boat.

Yes, an English warship putting in to ask for Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan and family—their warship, sent specially to save them.

And when it steamed away again, with one British family on board—well, the villagers of poor, stricken Villanueva could scarcely believe their eyes. "Wonderful," they said. "A warship to save a single family. What a country is this England!"

Meanwhile the Admiralty wireless transmitter keeps up its chatter.

"Dah, dah, dah" . . . yet again, and the destroyer *Shamrock* steamed fifty miles up the river Guadalquivir to rescue the British

colony from old Seville, passing Government troops and rebels alike in its passage.

"Dah, dah, dah" . . . once more, and another British warship goes twenty miles inland to the mining district of Rio Tinto to pick up not only the British nationals there, but people of six other nations as well.

Yes, the Royal Navy has rescued people of at least fifteen different nationalities from at least thirty different danger spots in Spain during the last few days—among them the Italian consul at Almeria at a moment when he was in grave danger.

Sometimes it has involved landing parties marching through streets held by Government troops and rebels alike. Often it has meant grave danger from stray bullets. One party alone rescued numbered 700 souls, 350 of them British.

But the Navy doesn't boast about such things. They are just part of the duties of peace-time, that's all—duties that can be as arduous and onerous, and sometimes as perilous, as those of war-time.

And there is just as much for the Navy to do, to-day, although the times have gone when commanders could at the slightest provocation fire at will on fortresses or ships, as they could seventy years ago.

Strange duty

There is peace-making, for instance; a strange duty, you would think, for a Fleet bristling with guns. But consider . . .

The time was February, 1932: the place, Shanghai. Japanese troops were involved in a fight with one of the Chinese armies, not far from Shanghai, and there was a danger of a vast flare-up in the Far East.

Enter a British Fleet of warships commanded by Admiral Kelly, as vivid a personality as ever held an audience enthralled and as good a diplomat as ever wore knee-breeches. He had guns to protect British

nationals, if it came to it—but also he had the brains that can sometimes be better than guns.

"My ship is available for discussions whenever she is wanted," he said with a smile. And negotiations certainly followed which limited the scene of operations, protecting neutral lives and immensely valuable foreign properties, and ruling out the danger of racial disorders.

Then it became obvious to him that the Japanese would bomb Chapel. And the easiest approach of their planes would be over the British ships.

"If your planes go over my ships I shall be compelled to fire at them," he told Admiral Nomura, with the same smile. And so, owing to the difficulties created, bombing was on a very limited scale.

All through the trouble, *H.M.S. Suffolk* was the No-Man's-Land of the two contestants. On that occasion, at least, the British Navy kept what might have become a very serious war within the narrowest possible bounds.

There was a similar instance during a Mexican revolution in 1924, when a British Fleet under Captain (now Rear-Admiral) J. D. Campbell, brother of Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., arrived to protect British nationals at Puerto Mexico and Minatitlan.

The first thing Captain Campbell did was to meet representatives of both sides. In this place where foreigners are not too readily trusted, he earned the respect of them both.

Next, he pointed out that his ship was always at their service—his impartial advice, too. And after that he soon had them agreeing to confine their war to a strip so narrow that they might have regarded the whole conflict as farcical, if they had stopped to consider.

Many running fights were seen from the decks of Campbell's ship, *H.M.S. Constance*. Sometimes there

was danger that the British sailors might become implicated. For instance, a force of Federals tried to leap on board to use our naval guns against a ship in the hands of the insurgents. A smiling lieutenant waved them away with a walking stick.

The same man, seeing that 500 men had entered a zone agreed on as neutral ground, got them back to the real battleground by smiles and persuasiveness.

Non-aggressive

The respect for the British sailors grew to such an extent that when one of the trawlers engaged in the "war" rammed the ladder of *H.M.S. Constance*, damaging it slightly, she signalled, "Excuse me," in international code to the British warship. This despite the fact that the collision was due to the fact that her helmsman had been shot through the head.

And the net result of this intervention by a British Fleet was not only that British nationals were protected, but that local inhabitants were spared the horrors of war and the ruin of their homes—and "all done by kindness," as Jack Tar has a habit of saying.

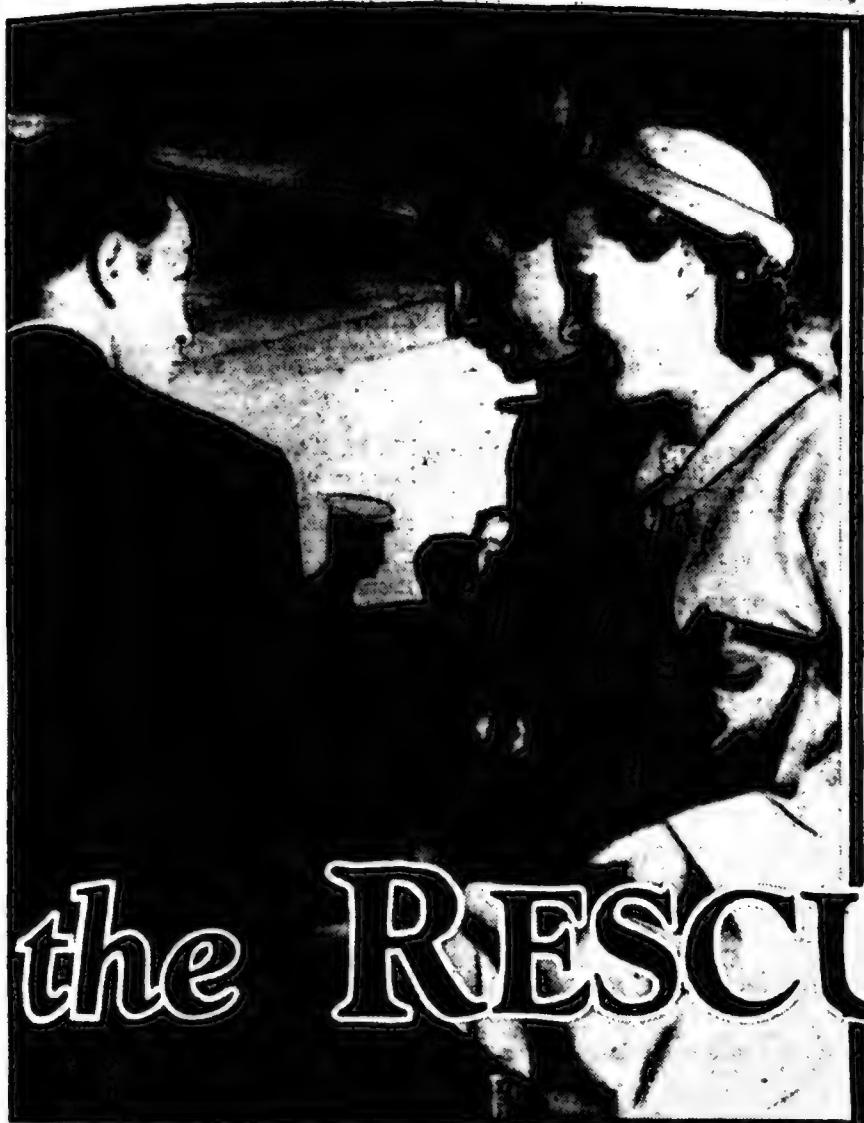
Yes, some of the best work of the Navy has been done in a non-aggressive capacity. There was an example in 1928 when the Mau—a native faction—started to cause such serious trouble in Apia, one of the Samoan Isles, that the white people were in fear.

"Don't land anybody, but impress 'em," was the wireless message that sent the cruisers *Diomedes* and *Dunedin* rushing to the spot. And, true to orders, the warships paraded up and down making as big a show of guns as possible.

Even that old naval trick was useless for once, however. Putting



SAFE in the care of the Navy—a troupe of English dancing girls rescued from Spain by the British cruiser "London"



A warship at their service—Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, English holiday makers in Spain, to whose rescue a warship was specially sent

the RESCUE

ashore landing parties was at last held to be imperative. But in what a typically British way it was done.

"Show as much good humour as if you were on holiday," the marines were told, "but nevertheless get every one of the Mau shepherded as gently and good-humouredly as possible into a compound."

At last that was done—whereupon the authorities were advised by the Navy to proclaim a General Pardon, the Mau were let loose with a lot of laughing and handshakes, and the Navy received its only casualties in a bloodless revolution in teaching the recalcitrants how to play football. . . .

The scene changes to Cyprus, and the year is 1931. A bishop had been stirring up trouble so effectively that Government buildings had been burned down, and troops and police were powerless against the mob.

Four British warships steamed at full speed from Malta to land parties at four points in defence of British nationals. It was a perilous position for the marines and sailors who landed in particular, for they were met with showers of broken bottles and stones, and it seemed that more murderous missiles might follow at any moment.

Brain-wave

And then the Navy had a brain-wave. Why not just take the bishop away, and see what happened? It did. He was incarcerated on *H.M.S. Shropshire*. And the rebellion was over with a total loss of two lives.

One other incident deserves to be told in this story of a revolution that was quelled without a British gun being fired. It was actually reported to the Navy League as an example of Jack Tar and his ways.

During his first night on the *Shropshire* the bishop got more and more irksome and, indeed, threat-

ened to get out of hand. At last he yelled from his cabin: "Water! Water! Do you hear? Bring me water at once."

An able-bodied seaman went up to him patiently and asked: "Do you speak English?" And the bishop growled, "Yes."

"Then if you don't say 'please,' I'll pull your whiskers," said the tar, using, in lower-deck fashion, the methods which the Navy so often has to use in order to impress.

"Please," said the bishop—and from then on he became a model "guest."

And now for what must surely be one of the strangest uses to which a British warship has ever been put. It happened some twenty-odd years ago, and might be called, "The Story of the Drifting Chinese Mandarin."

The Chinese potentate in question dressed himself up in his most dazzling Oriental robes, was carried on board his gorgeous State junk and then was rowed into mid-stream by thirty stalwart oarsmen.

But somehow his thirty stalwarts found it impossible to row against the tide. More and more did their majestic master bully as he realised they were making a very poor show, and weaker and weaker did his crew become.

At last something serious must have happened on board the junk, for it turned suddenly through a half-circle and, gaining speed every minute, started to drift towards some swirling rapids many miles down river.

Enter the Navy, in the shape of a visiting gunboat that had been warned by semaphore as to what was happening. Putting on a desperate speed for so narrow a river, and tossing the other river-craft about like cockle-shells in consequence, it went in search of the flying junk.

At last it overtook it, with only a

mile separating the gorgeous junk from disaster—headed it off, took a bump that sent the mandarin rolling off his throne-like seat and almost into the water.

And the mandarin, taking one look at the British sailors and another at his own dejected crew, at once elected to go home in the less colourful surroundings of a British warship!

In this same river, near Nanking, by the way, *H.M.S. Glory* once made up her mind that her special duty in life was saving Chinese from drowning. It is a duty that any sailor likes to perform—but as the crew of *Glory* found that as soon as one man was rescued another was splashing in the water, they decided that something was wrong.

And then a young lieutenant guessed the truth. Ignorant Chinese coolies hold that if a man saves another from drowning it is the duty of the rescuer to house, feed and maintain the rescued for life! Those who had seen the warship make its first rescue believed that they had only to be rescued themselves to qualify for an idle life on board a British ship, and so took turns at springing into the water.

But *Glory* was having none of that. She just steamed away rapidly to a quiet part of the river

and surreptitiously dumped her unwanted guests on a lonely part of the bank.

But such incidents are merely light relief to the Royal Navy.

Many of its peacetime duties are tragic, indeed.

There was the burning of Smyrna by the Turks in 1922. The flames had driven thousands of poor screaming refugees, many of them women and children, to the very water's edge when British battle-ships took charge.

Hundreds flung themselves into the sea and were drowned in a vain effort to struggle into the naval boats. They thought they might not return to save more lives. They must have known little of the British sailor!

Always on watch

There was the dreadful ordeal of *H.M.S. Veronica* at the time of the New Zealand earthquake. She was actually tied to the pier in Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, when the land-mass suddenly tossed up like an angry sea.

Seriously damaged herself, she reported the facts by wireless to the warships *Dunedin* and *Auckland*, then hundreds of miles away, within nine minutes of the first shock. By then her crew was already working among shattered buildings, dragging out the trapped, tending the injured, removing the dead, extinguishing fires.

As other shocks followed, her commander ordered that the worst injured were to be moved to the comparative safety of the ship—it was only comparatively safe, because the first shock had torn every hawser away from the pier and grounded her with a dangerous list. What subsequent shocks might do could only be guessed at.

Yet within forty minutes, and while this work went on, *Veronica's* wireless had told the battleships 300 miles away the whole story of the disaster and instructed them as to the doctors, nurses, stores and medical and surgical perquisites that would be required.

And how wonderfully *Dunedin* and *Auckland* rose to the occasion. Their work in collecting everybody and everything necessary within

three hours, and reaching the stricken area by 8.30 the next morning ranks as one of the speediest jobs in the history of the Navy.

Yes, the Navy is always on watch. More often than the public realises our warships must turn about to give aid at the mention of some such dread words as "typhoon" or "cyclone."

How the sloop *Valencia* carried out a relief mission to a cyclone-swept island near Bermuda only to be sunk, herself, by a second cyclone, with a loss of nearly all hands, is one of the imperishable chapters of our naval history.

Then they must carry succour to famine-smitten areas. When hundreds of thousands of Chinese were dying of starvation in the flooded Yangtse basin in 1931, our ships, which were hurried up the river, gave far more help than the poor, embarrassed Chinese authorities themselves could manage to give.

Unprofitable, too

And yet again, ships in distress never appeal to the Navy in vain. When fire had got such a hold on the luxury liner *Bermuda* at Bermuda in 1931 that nobody could approach within thirty yards, British sailors soon had 400 hoses on her. They were able to distribute £18,000 among themselves as part of the salvage award—but it wasn't for money that they did it.

There was little hope of salvage money, after all, when the Spanish transatlantic cirman suddenly plunged into the ocean after sending out a despairing S.O.S. in 1929. Yet for six days *H.M.S. Eagle* searched the High Seas—eventually rescuing Captain Franco and his three companions from their frail amphibian when the whole world was saying that no hope could remain.

Indeed, far from being remunerative on every occasion, rescue work can be unprofitable, as the commander of the British submarine *L.3* discovered a year or so ago.

He had been sent into Blas Bay, in the China Seas, to hunt for pirates. And suddenly the news reached him that ostensible "passengers" of a liner had produced arms, overcome the officers and taken charge of the vessel, in which anybody and everybody was being held up to ransom.

He headed the vessel off, fired a warning shot across her bows, and then, finding that useless, aimed a small shell at where he knew the engines would be. And eventually passengers and ship were saved and the pirates rounded up.

But if that commander was hoping for any messages of gratitude from the foreign owners of the liner concerned, he was soon to be disillusioned. Instead, they sued him for the damage he had done to their vessel.

World marvels

If it is a question of helping foreign potentates, the Navy is always ready. They brought the Emperor of Abyssinia to England. They did the same once for King Manoel, when his country turned him out—and after his death took his body back to the country over which he had reigned as King. . . .

And now the world is marvelling at the work it has accomplished in saving the nationals of many different countries from stricken Spain—even people hidden away in isolated spots where you might expect them to be forgotten.

But the Royal Navy doesn't marvel. It's all in its day's work.

C A N D I D C O M M U N I C A T I O N S

His Coronation Job Begins Now

DEAR BRIG-GENERAL JAMES WHITEHEAD.—I must add my congratulations to those being showered upon you.

Your new appointment at Scotland Yard makes you the man who will be responsible for controlling the Coronation crowds, which alone is a job you must be proud to have.

But I think you will agree that it is also one of the most fearsome jobs any police official could tackle, and it is not too early to discuss its unique problems.

Yes, unique is the word. For nothing is more certain that the greatest crowd ever known will throng London next May. Unless your plans for marshalling its millions of excited spectators are adequate, we may witness a terrible disaster.

* * *

I cannot forget how near we came to one during the funeral of King George. I cannot forget the chaotic traffic congestion during the Jubilee festivities.

On both those occasions the official street arrangements proved to be utterly inadequate. You will, you know, have to do immensely better if you are to be successful.

On the Jubilee processional route, six and a half miles long, a million persons congregated. On the King George funeral route through London, only three miles long, two million people assembled.

Who could be surprised that ten thousand of the latter had to receive treatment from the St. John Ambulance? The wonder, indeed, was that hundreds of them were not trampled to death.

Along part of the route children had to be lifted on high to save them from being crushed to death. Soldiers, police and horses were swept from one side of the road to the other; for a time the procession was held up while order was being restored and thousands of fainting women were removed.

* * *

I am glad you are to have as your right-hand man the new Assistant Commissioner, Mr. George Abbiss, one of the finest organisers ever produced by Scotland Yard.

Very wisely, it is suggested that the Coronation drive should be as long as possible. That would certainly help to spread out the vast throngs of spectators.

It is also suggested that there should be large numbers of solid barricades erected to shut off certain streets—a suggestion about which I am more doubtful.

You will not forget, I hope, that it is not difficult for people to be crushed against barricades. Besides, you do not want to confine the crowds, but to give them freedom of movement. That way safety lies.

You may find it helpful to use aeroplanes for the purpose of reporting traffic "jams." You must certainly see that your police reserves are ample, so as to meet any last-minute rush.

Above all, let me give you a tip: No estimate of the Coronation crowds you may make can be too high.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LUKE FAWCETT,
Building Workers' President

DEAR MR. FAWCETT.—Ignore the shallow criticisms of your presidential address. Your attack on the "mean, ugly and rubbishy housebuilding of recent years" is obviously aimed at the jerry-builders, not at builders as a whole.

So carry on the campaign started by
JOHN BULL.

Lord SWINTON,
Air Minister.

DEAR LORD SWINTON.—Ellesmere Port residents complain of the noise of

A Panel Dentist Shock—Wrong Place for the War Planes—More "Old School Tie" Nonsense—Poser for the New Minister



You must save us from a Coronation crowd disaster

bombing planes from a nearby aerodrome, and that children are being terrified by low-flying machines.

Everybody wants to see our airmen attain the highest efficiency. But with tracts of desolate Britain to practise over, it ought to be possible to spare youngsters sensations almost as terrifying as those of an actual air-raid.

JOHN BULL.

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN,
Late of the Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE.—No one dare contradict an authority like yourself. And

when you declare dental decay to be "one of the great diseases of modern times, an almost universal disease," it is time the authorities sat up and took notice.

I hope they will note what you say about the effects of malnutrition, and that you support my demand for an extension of the "panel" dental benefit.

For, as you say, "hundreds of thousands of insured persons are in desperate need of dental treatment, and most certainly they are not obtaining it."

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
Minister of Education

DEAR SIR.—In your defence of the "old school tie" you reveal a strange ignorance of the other fellow's point of view.

He agrees that public schools have a great future; he certainly doesn't sneer at them for their loyalties and respect for discipline, as you seem to imagine.

His complaint is that they let loose (apart from the sensible lads) ignorant snobs who believe they are much superior to ordinary beings, and don't hesitate to let the other fellow know it.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Lanarkshire 3rd District Council

GENTLEMEN.—Round a disused pit shaft at Forth which you own is an old and rotten wooden fence. Time and again the dangers of this spot have been brought to your notice.

Yet not twenty yards away is the fringe of a new housing estate on which two hundred children live.

Must you wait any longer before taking action?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PHILIP E. HILL,
Chairman of Beechams

DEAR MR. HILL.—As the moving spirit behind the fine gift of new research laboratories to the Royal Northern Hospital, London, please accept my heartiest congratulations.

I should like to see your example inspire others of our big business captains to do likewise.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. G. C. L. LUNT,
Bishop of Ripon

MY LORD.—It gives me much pleasure to disagree with you.

"If a boy's schooldays are the happiest in his life, then the school is failing in its primary object," you say.

Good parents will nevertheless want

to make their children's schooldays as happy as possible, knowing that as responsibilities come the chances of complete happiness are likely to become fewer.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. RAMSBOTHAM, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR.—One of your first jobs as the new Minister of Pensions should be to make sure that disabled ex-Servicemen are not being sacrificed on the altar of Economy.

Of 2,452 who claimed a pension in the year ending last March, no fewer than 1,995 were turned down.

Does that not seem to you an astonishingly high proportion?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. CHARLTON,
H.M. Divisional Inspector of Mines

DEAR SIR.—You reveal that though the number of persons employed in the North-Western coalfields decreased by four thousand last year, half a million more tons of coal were produced.

We may presume, then, that while the rich coalowner grows richer the poor collier grows poorer.

A case of "Heads I win, tails you lose"!

JOHN BULL.

Professor CARL PRAUSNITZ,
Manchester University

DEAR PROFESSOR.—Your university, Breslau, didn't want you. So we took you in. And now, working in a British laboratory, you are believed to have solved the mystery of one of our worst industrial diseases, "stripper's asthma," which afflicts cotton workers.

May you long be with us—and any more of Germany's brilliant unwanted who can do as much for us.

JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL CHAPMAN,
M.P. for South Edinburgh

DEAR SIR SAMUEL.—Thanks to you, 120 workpeople will not be thrown on the unemployment market by the closing down of a textile mill of which you are the head.

Through your exertions, all of them are being given other employment at wages not less than they have been receiving.

Another happy exception to the notion that there's no sentiment in big business.

JOHN BULL.

EDUCATING POP

F. J. C.
Hearnshaw (he
Now is Professor of Historee)
Would have got
Something hot
If he'd halled his dear old pot
In the gay,
Carefree way
Favoured by the young to-day!

Mighty men,
Dads were when
F. J. C. was young; for then
Pa preferred
To be "sir'd,"
And his anger would have stirred
(Likewise his boot)
If some galoot
Had dared to hail him: "Hi, old fruit!"

Professor Hearnshaw, at sixty-seven, finds the modern world bad-mannered and morally lax; but the modern world is apt to find him somewhat humourless when he supports his criticism by announcing: "I cannot conceive anyone in the year 1910 calling his father 'old bean.'"

In 1910, heaven's gift to the English language, in the person of P. G. Wodehouse, had not invented the vegetable nomenclature that has since become popular with the imitative young. But because Jill did not address the head of the house as "old bean" and Jack also neglected to cultivate his "beans" talk,

they were not necessarily more dutiful or affectionate than young moderns.

As a form of address, "sir" is scarcely suggestive of filial affection. It is thus that angry colonels address strange editors when they write to denounce Bolshevism or the modern young, and it is also the way in which the afore-said young are expected to address the boss whom they regard as a pimple on the face of nature.

Many a modern father, rather than be classed with editors and bosses, would prefer to be an "old bean." Some, indeed, discern in this form of address a delicate flavour of flattery.

When he achieves the distinction of old beanhood, it is as if father had automatically become ten years younger or been presented with a magic hair restorer. For nobody is dubbed "old bean" if he is privately suspected of being an old has-been.

If the family provider of boots and bikes is no longer an object of veneration, neither does he now resemble the stern bestower of rare rewards and more

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.



frequent punishment who flourished fearfully when the Barretts lived in Wimpole Street.

This metamorphosis has been brought about largely by the changed attitude of his progeny. And the young, having been at pains to bring up their parents in the way they should go, are not slow to claim credit for the transformation:

Once as "sir" he was a figure to strike awe to any heart.

But we changed him to the "pater" and we found him not so bad;

So, having with his education made a decent start.

Into "pa" we next transformed him, then to "governor," then "dad."

Each change was for the better, till as "dear old bean," at last

We think of him as one of us; and nobody could guess

That our parent, nicely tamed, was oft a tyrant in the past;

In an era of dictators there's now one dictator less!

Yes, dear father was a blister in the not-so-long-ago.

When he wore a wreath of whiskers and a frown upon his brow.

And his whole vocabulary seemed comprised of "Don't" and "No."

But we've changed the dear old crumpet and he's grown quite human now!

I HAVE been reading an article in an American magazine which says that the King by personal intervention recently saved Europe from war.

It is a well-intentioned article, designed to show that our Sovereign by his influence kept the balance right when all other agencies were light-headed. But, though well-intentioned, it is, as they say in Dublin, cock-eyed.

Baldwin, Eden, and the rest of the Westminster crew, it seems, were all in a tangle about European policy, when the King, calling them to audience, told them that they were heading for disaster; and explained how they should check themselves.

The magazine in question has an important circulation in the States, and may well shape opinion there. It would be a pity if, in consequence, the millions of our transatlantic friends formed a wrong conception of the exact meaning of our constitutional monarchy.

By the provisions of this the Sovereign can exercise a very important influence in the terms of his personality.

King Edward, as shown by his speeches to the Guards battalions in Hyde Park and to the world at Vimy Ridge, made it clear that every word of his authority is to be used in the cause of peace. But this is not at all the same thing as Royal interference with Parliamentary control.

The strength, the unequalled strength, of our constitutional system is that the person of the Crown represents a national stability that is not affected by the shiftings of the political scene. Conversely, in that scene the Sovereign may be, and in the present case is, a beneficent influence, but not a direct agency.

I see that the American article in question has been quoted with approval in at least one English journal, and it is important that the wrong impression which it might convey should be corrected.

★ ★

MAGNIFICENT as a spectacle, the ceremony at Vimy Ridge was in some other respects not so impressive as it might have been. Most of the speakers spoke too long and on a rhetorical note that was out of key with the grandeur of the occasion.

Immediately the King began to speak the contrast was extraordinary. His perfectly simple and sincere delivery at once conveyed an emotion that was missing from the flights of more self-conscious eloquence. And this emotion was deepened by the model prose of the King's speech.

At once spare and vivid, it rose finely to the height of its heroic argument, and I am glad that Sir John Marriott, in a letter to the *Times*, has recommended it as an example to the schools.

"And so also in dedicating this memorial to our fallen comrades, our thoughts turn rather to the splendour of their sacrifice, and to the consecration of our love for them, than to the cannonade which beat upon this ridge a score of years ago."

That, as Sir John Marriott justly claims, is not unworthy of comparison with Pericles. If I were editing an anthology of English prose, I should certainly ask leave to include it.

★ ★

EVERYONE is delighted that the King's new arrangement to take his holiday cruising in Lady Yule's yacht will afford him no less opportunity for a much-needed rest as he would have found even in the seclusion of the French villa to which he was going.

The *Nahlin* is one of the most luxurious yachts afloat, and unless anything unforeseen occurs the King will enjoy three or four weeks of comfort in the Eastern Mediterranean, with a minimum of State business.

Disappointed as the King was by the cancellation of his Riviera holiday, a great part of his concern was caused by the general inconvenience given to members of the royal establishments. A sudden rearrangement of plans all round was involved, leave had to be stopped, and notices were drafted recalling those officials who had already left for vacations.

But the King let it be known at once that

Nahlin, the luxury yacht on which the King has decided to spend a cruising holiday in the Eastern Mediterranean.



JOHN DRINKWATER'S *Intimate Diary...* THE KING THIS WEEK

he wished only such alterations to be made as would enable the two palaces to be kept open on a skeleton staff, even asking that volunteers should be called in to carry on the catering arrangements. Moreover, he caused a personal message to be sent to those members of his households who necessarily had to change their plans, expressing his regret and his appreciation of the good will they had shown in meeting the emergency.

In the end, owing to the King's intervention, only some half-dozen people were actually affected, and they were assured that any loss of leave would be made up to them.

★ ★

DURING his extra time in town the King has been making further preparation for his move from York House to Buckingham Palace in the autumn.

I hear that he told some of his staff that what he most regretted was having to leave the study at St. James's, for which he has the strong personal attachment of old association. He has not yet found a room at Buckingham Palace to replace it in his affections.

Among other things, he arranged for the

AN Absurd Story of the King

transference of the fine collections brought home from his foreign tours. Among these perhaps the most curious, and certainly not the least interesting, is a remarkable assortment of drums, ranging from an army kettle-drum to tribal tom-toms with savage decorations from the back blocks of Uganda. It amuses the King to say that he takes some pleasure in knowing the native way of playing them all.

When the general post in the Royal Family takes place, I understand that the Duke of York will take over the secretarial offices at St. James's Palace, while the Duke of Gloucester will go into residence at York House.

★ ★

THE King has recently been paying some attention to the great collection of British Empire stamps formed by his father.

King George was not only an eager but also an expert philatelist and his stamps were an unfailing source of recreation to him. Although he frequently consulted Sir Edward Bacon, who is a leading authority on the subject, about his hobby, his own knowledge was wide and exact.

His collection of Empire issues is unique in philately, and there has been much speculation as to what would happen to it now that it has been inherited by the present King, whose serious interest in stamps did not long survive the usual boyish enthusiasm. I am now told that there is no foundation whatever for the rumours that it might be sold, and that, under Sir Edward Bacon's supervision, new issues will be added to it as they appear.

During King George's lifetime a few privileged collectors were allowed to inspect it from time to time, but no more than that was seen of it by the public.

It is not altogether unlikely that the King, whose private property it will remain, will now regard it in some sense as a national collection, and that he may allow some representative part of it to be shown at the centenary exhibition that will be held in London in 1940 to commemorate the issue of the first postage stamp in the world, the famous penny black.

★ ★

A CERTAIN officer who was a little concerned by the growth of his girth ventured the other day to make some reference to the matter in conversation with the King.

His Majesty suggested that he should adopt his own practice of using a scythe on growing grass as often as possible. An excellent tip, though using a scythe is by no means the simple matter it may seem to those who have not tried it.

Just the thing for the figure, though, and to judge by appearance the King might be a daily scythesman. At forty-two he still has the bearing of twenty-five.

AN EXPLANATION

A number of copies of last week's *JOHN BULL* contained an article by Mr. John Drinkwater on the King's contemplated Riviera holiday. These copies were printed before it was made known that His Majesty had changed his plans.—EDITOR.

AT last there is the prospect that one scandal associated with the administration of the law is about to be abolished. It is that of the black cap and the capital sentence in the case of infanticide.

This grim procedure, always revolting to the most elementary feelings of humanity, has by recent events become intolerable to the conscience of a civilised people.

At the recent sitting of the Central Criminal Court three unhappy mothers, two of them themselves little more than girls, all of them happily married and all of stainless record, were put on trial for the murder of their infant offspring.

One of them saw the judge put on the black cap, heard him pronounce the sentence of doom and was reprieved within twenty-four hours. The second also heard the sentence passed, but knew she would not die because she was pronounced insane. The third, by the mercy of the judge and the jury, was spared the dread sentence and ordered to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

Outrage on justice

None of these cases called for punishment. All of them called for pity and the profoundest sympathy. They were tragedies incidental to the most critical circumstances of a woman's life—circumstances in which reason may well be dethroned, the mind unbalanced, and the feelings overpowered with vague terrors and anxieties.

To go through the dread formality of assuming the black cap and pronouncing the sentence of death in such cases is an outrage on the spirit of justice. It is an outrage none the less shameful because it is make-believe. No civilised society would permit such a crime as the fulfilment of the sentence to be perpetrated. The thing is unthinkable.

And being unthinkable it ought not to be threatened. The sentence of death, even though lifted, should not be left to shadow a life and a family who have suffered the bitterest tragedy that can befall poor humanity.

Not responsible

The action of the judge and jury in the third case of the series, that of Mrs. Hale, points the way out of this tragedy of justice. It was stated in evidence that three weeks after the birth of her first child Mrs. Hale developed symptoms bordering on puerperal insanity.

After the birth of her second child, in May last, she again developed similar symptoms, and one day mother and child were found with their throats cut, the baby being dead in the bath; the mother in a condition from which she recovered. At the time of its death the

The Mother who KILLS

—by A. G.—
GARDINER

child was three weeks old. In such circumstances common sense would come unhesitatingly to the conclusion that the mother was not responsible for her act.

But unfortunately the law, as it stands, does not admit that conclusion. By the Infanticide Act of 1922 it has been laid down that where a mother has been responsible for the death of her "newly born child" because the balance of her mind was disturbed" by childbirth a verdict of infanticide instead of murder may be brought in and the offence treated as manslaughter.

A loophole

That was a welcome advance towards sanity on the part of the legislature. How welcome will be appreciated when we remember that so recently as the eighties of last century Sir William Harcourt, as Home Secretary, was fighting desperately for the exercise of the royal clemency in favour of women convicted for the murder of their illegitimate children against the rigid moralist Queen Victoria.

But, as so often happens, the new law had a loophole in it. It did not define "newly born." In one case the Central Criminal Court has upheld a conviction where the trial judge ruled that a child just over a month old when killed by his mother was not "newly born" within the meaning of the Act. Even three weeks has been held to be outside the operation of the Act.

It is deplorable that so crucial a point, affecting the fate of human beings, should have been left in doubt. It is not a legal point: it is a medical point. And Lord Dawson of Penn., who was called as a witness in the Hale case, gave it emphatically as his opinion that



Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary. We hope that an urgent reform in the infanticide law may be the outcome of his conference with the Lord Chancellor on the subject

the unhappy woman was suffering from puerperal insanity when she killed her child and that she did not know what she was doing.

Recovery from the condition of childbirth, he said, could not take less than three weeks—"in many cases it is much longer." He defined "newly born" in a medical sense as covering the period of a month after birth. After the month the "newly born" became technically infants.

It was this expert view that enabled the jury, with the full agreement of the judge, to come to a humane and common-sense decision in the case of Mrs. Hale, and to spare her and her distressed family from the grim formalities of the law. Those formalities should never again be possible in such circumstances. They will not be possible if Mr. Justice Humphreys' discreet hint to Parliament is acted upon.

"I venture to express the hope," he said, "that Parliament may in the near future be disposed to put a short section into the Act of Parliament saying what is the definition of a newly born child." And he added that Lord Dawson's evidence on the point clearly showed that from the point of view of medical science "newly born means four weeks."

Hint accepted

It is gratifying to see that the judge's hint has been promptly taken up in Parliament. In reply to a question by Mr. Creech Jones last week, it was stated that Sir John Simon proposes to confer with the Lord Chancellor regarding recent rulings and judgments in cases of infanticide. And we may expect that, as a result of the conference, there will be no repetition in the future of the black cap and the sentence of death in

cases such as that of Mrs. Hale, which, call for pity rather than punishment.

And there is another point which Sir John might well give attention to. It is that contradiction in terms "Guilty but insane." In the Hale case the jury's verdict was "Not guilty of murder, but guilty of the act charged, for which she was not responsible in law."

To be charged with murder and yet not guilty of murder, but guilty of the "act charged" (which is murder) is, of

course, nonsense; but it showed that the jury were more sensible than the law which they had to administer. And it saved the judge from the necessity of pronouncing a death sentence which he knew, and the jury knew, would not be carried out.

Now that Sir John Simon is clearing up the obscurities of the law on this painful subject, it may be hoped that he will dispose of "Guilty but insane." It is an untenable verdict, for if the person is insane he is not responsible, and is outside the law. And, being irresponsible, he cannot be "guilty."

Mr. Justice Humphreys suggests the alternative verdict: "The accused did the act charged, but at the time was insane so as not to be responsible to the law." That is common sense and should be substituted for the self-contradictory "Guilty but insane."

Meanwhile let us rejoice that the black cap and the sentence of death are about to disappear in the adjudication of the most distressing of all cases, that come before the courts.

WELCOME HELP

TIME and again we have ventilated in JOHN BULL the scandal of men who served their country well in the war, were wounded, gassed, or suffered injured health in some other way, and yet can get no pension.

In many cases, where representations have been made to us, we have helped them to get justice.

All too many who think they have a claim to a pension, however, and may, indeed, be entitled to one, accept refusal as inevitable.

There is a reader in Cumberland, for instance. We would never have heard his story if a disastrous fire had not destroyed and damaged household belongings that can never be replaced.

Badly gassed in France while serving with the Tank Corps, his health so injured by it that he has only been able to work during short spells in the last six years, he was crushed by the blow of that fire. "You see, I have no pension," he adds.

Well, we shall offer him our help in that matter. It is one of our duties to our readers.

And whatever the fate of his application, there is another duty to him that we can perform and have performed.

Because he signed a coupon that qualified him for the protection of JOHN BULL's unique free family insurance scheme, we have sent him a cheque to cover the losses he sustained by the fire.

"But for that timely assistance things would have looked very black indeed," he writes.

There is a similar coupon on page 2 to-day. Why not sign it now? It may be that one day we shall have a duty to you and yours.



The Human Machine

The merest glance through the pages of any history book will show you that ideas and beliefs and theories once held by millions of people—and intelligent and intellectual people at that—are now patently seen to be wrong and often absurd.

Yet in their day they were fought for, and guided the daily lives of half the world. Can any of us be sure that future generations will not equally deride beliefs and opinions that we to-day believe to be the solid and indestructible truth?

Does it ever occur to you that the Devout Churchman in London might—except for a mere accident of birth—have been an equally devout Confucian in China? Or that the devout Confucian might, save also for the slight accident of birth, have been an equally devout Mohammedan in Arabia?

To realise a few things like this should make one rather chary of asserting the absolute finality of anything. It should make us all very careful indeed to see that our judgment is used for its proper purpose—to judge and to weigh and to sift—not to assert.

We may be right. There is always the possibility. We may also be wrong. And unless we can learn to interpret experience so as to be capable of recognising and rectifying our mistakes, we certainly will be wrong.

DON'T KID YOURSELF!

If you are ever inclined to be self-opinionated, to believe that you have the hidden secret of the world's wisdom in your brain, it would do you good to look round the world a little and contemplate its rather astonishing phenomena with a cold and dispassionate eye.

Human judgment, which we all like to think is infallible as far as we ourselves are concerned, is really the most fallible thing in the world. Not only is it unreliable in individuals, it is unreliable in nations and in whole ages of human history.



From This—to This

How he escaped from the horrors of the Russian revolution is the favourite story of this exiled prince—if he can tell it in luxurious surroundings!

The Mask



off a Prince!

ENSCONCED in the first-class compartment of a "Pullman Car" on a boat-train at Victoria Station recently was a tall, well-dressed, dignified-looking personage who attracted considerable attention.

A few minutes before the train was due to leave, and as he was studying a magazine and puffing at a long cigar, he was touched upon the shoulder by a plain-clothes police officer, who asked him his name.

"Prince Troubeskoy," he snapped out, surprised and annoyed at the sudden intrusion. "Prince Troubeskoy of Russia!"

The royal passenger at first declined to answer any further questions, but finally intimated that he was bound for Geneva. He added that he would like to know why he was being subjected to such impudent interrogation.

Violent

The detective, who had been keeping watch on the Prince from the time he entered the station, then revealed his identity, and asked His Royal Highness to produce his travelling vouchers.

The Prince now became very violent, uttered all kinds of vehement protestations, but finally admitted that he had not so far taken a ticket to cover his journey to Geneva.

He was thereupon asked to leave the train. He refused, and his violent attitude increased to such an extent that he had to be forcibly ejected. He had only a penny platform ticket in his pocket!

The next stage in this strange little episode was that Prince Troubeskoy of Russia was fined at Westminster Police Court (or three weeks' imprisonment as an alternative) on charges of attempting to travel without having paid his fare and for failing to comply with certain regulations under the Aliens Acts.

The ease and calmness with which he had seated himself in the first-class

"Pullman Car" is typical of this remarkable individual, who is one of the most astonishing adventurers we have lately come across.

For the last five years, certainly, he has been living in this country by his wits, and although several attempts have been made to banish him from England—for he is an alien by birth—he has succeeded in defying them all.

Enquiries we have just completed enable us to say that even high Home Office officials have more than once taken special steps to secure his deportation, but His Highness has always outwitted them.

In fact, on one occasion he had the temerity to tear up his Home Office Registration Certificate and send it, in small pieces, back to the Home Secretary!

Possessed of a magnetic personality, His Royal Highness Prince Troubeskoy has a long list of victims and from some of them he has obtained money under a variety of pretexts.

He has been particularly successful where women are concerned, and Scotland Yard officers are in possession of several complaints from impressionable ladies who, admittedly infatuated with the Prince, have financed him to their sorrow.

His chief claim is that he is a leading descendant of the late Tsar Nicholas II, and was born in Petrograd forty years ago. So closely does he adhere to this claim, indeed, that he will never sign his alien Identity Ticket in this country, required under Home Office regulations, unless he is so described thereon!

Yet on every occasion he has been put to the test to prove the validity of his alleged royal status he has failed com-

CROOK WE CAN'T GET RID OF

pletely to provide any tangible evidence at all.

He dwells often on three romantic incidents, and the first concerns how, since he left Russia about eighteen years ago in fear of his life, he has been compelled to live in different parts of the world—at the mercy of his many political enemies—as a "prince in exile."

The story which takes secondary prominence, and one which he tells with much colour and dignity, centres around a secret diplomatic "mission" on which he is supposedly engaged in this and other countries for "royalist" Russia.

Romantic

Yet another tale concerns the breathless adventures he experienced when, four or five years back, he decided with others to make a heroic return to Russia. Arriving in Moscow, he became actively involved in a counter-revolution, in the course of which a number of his companions were arrested. He himself, apparently with great daring, managed to make a dramatic escape to England. . . .

Recounted as only Prince Troubeskoy can recount them, such stories can be deeply moving, particularly when they are embellished with fine touches of the glamour and tragedy of the Imperial Russian Court to which he claims to have belonged.

Some time ago the Prince was staying at a very fashionable hotel in the West End of London. A woman stayed there with him who was stated to be his wife. Actually she was one of his infatuated dupes on whose money he was living. The Prince and his companion have often been requested to leave West End hotels.

After Scotland Yard detectives had made a few enquiries about the Prince and this particular woman, who was an alien of German origin, she left the country; but it has since been discovered that she has sent His Highness further sums of money from abroad.

In another case he made the acquaintance of a young woman who believed his romantic stories about the Russian Imperial Court and that he was a Prince. He made love to this further victim, and she too agreed to live with him and provided him with money.

Her father was a wealthy man, and, when it suited his purpose to do so, the Prince tried to blackmail him.

While numerous other women have listened to his overtures with unfortunate financial consequences, one of the biggest coups of his career was frustrated at the eleventh hour.

He was seated at a Piccadilly hotel

with a woman of wealth and distinction about whom he had previously obtained information. Until the Prince telephoned her, insisting that she must meet him, she had never heard of him, but owing to the challenging attitude he adopted she kept the appointment.

It was soon clear to her, when the Prince's conversation at the hotel was progressing, that his object was money. A most dramatic thing happened, however, at the crucial moment. A detective-inspector of Scotland Yard entered and arrested him for Aliens Act offences, as the outcome of which he was sent to prison.

This is not the only occasion His Highness has suffered the indignity of being sent to jail in England, and we can say that he has also served at least two terms of imprisonment in Berlin.

One of the worst aspects of his persistent wrongdoing is that he has caused endless annoyance and anxiety to Prince (Peter) Troubeskoy, who resides in this country, and who once had to go into the witness-box to give evidence against him.

The impostor landed here by trickery. A man called Stenfelt, in Stockholm, who bore a remarkable resemblance to Sakarov, or Sacharov—as Troubeskoy then called himself—believed that this rascal was a man of substance and was going to employ him as his manager in a Leningrad office.

He accordingly handed Sakarov his passport, on the assumption that he could use his influence to obtain a Russian visa. But he never saw it—or Sakarov—again!

International investigations reveal that this impudent adventurer, who lives so easily in luxury, has been known not only as Sakarov, but that his fingerprints are similar to those of a man who, in the name of Va Blabov, was some time ago expelled from Germany.

His nickname

Since his sojourn in England he has used many names, and is known in certain circles as "The Sponger."

His rhetorical gifts once won sympathy from a London magistrate whose words from the Bench brought to the police court concerned a substantial sum of money for this rogue.

When His Highness's real character was made known to the magistrate at a later hearing, however, he was very dismayed, and regretted that he had wasted sympathy on or allowed gifts supplied by a generous public to go to him.

Stinging words came from the enlightened magistrate now, for he told Sakarov, in sending him to a spell in prison, that he was "a worthless person preying upon people."

Many people may wonder why this princely crook is permitted to be in England at all. The answer is that he refuses to sign allegiance to the Soviet Government. It is no use deporting him, because Russia under its present rule will not receive him back.

As he thus looks like being our unwelcome guest for the rest of his days, we deem it desirable to put the public on its guard against him.

New Presentation for Readers

OF the many great presentations which, from time to time, JOHN BULL has planned for its readers, that announced on pages 4 and 5 this week is probably the most thrilling.

It is something unique in publishing—"The Wonderful Story of the Sea"—the stirring record in vivid words and unforgettable pictures of man's prowess, adventures, discoveries and triumphs across the oceans of the world.

Here is the history of the sea made intensely graphic and human, a colourful cavalcade of men and ships which will bring a glow of pride to all of British blood.

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In its pages all the great explorers, sea dogs and pirates live again; Columbus and Captain Cook, Nelson and Drake, Captain Kidd and Henry Morgan, to mention only a few.

You can sail with the *Golden Hind* or the *Mayflower*, thrilling to the zest of discovery and new worlds. You can stand

on the quarter-deck of the *Victory* at Trafalgar and, springing through the years, hear the rumble of guns at Jutland from Beatty's flagship.

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Turn now to pages 4 and 5 and reserve your copy of "The Wonderful Story of the Sea" to-day.

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Couldn't sleep for STOMACH PAINS

"Suffered
for weeks
at a stretch"



Here is another letter in which every stomach sufferer will find encouragement and the assurance of quick relief. Mr. H. F. Hoad, 33, Hardwicke Road, Halton, Hastings, says:—

"After being a great sufferer from gastric ulcers and in pain for weeks at a stretch, and not being able to eat or follow my employment, a friend told me to try Alex. Maclean's Stomach Powder. So I tried the actual Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and, my word, what a pain-curer!

"I shall never be without your powder in the home now. I call it wonderful, for it has cured me of great pain which nothing else would touch. I have lain awake unable to sleep. The bottle I have taken brought wonderful relief in a week.

"In future I will highly recommend Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."—**H. F. Hoad.**

Make up YOUR mind to have no more stomach trouble. Let Maclean Brand Stomach Powder stop the pain and put your stomach right. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure you DO get the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.

Beware of cheap
substitutes

You can tell the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, on which you can depend for quick and certain relief, by the signature 'Alex. C. Maclean' on the bottle and the carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it in Powder or Tablet form at 1/3, 2/- or 5/-.

Look for the Signature—*Alex. C. Maclean*

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

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FREE.—Health and Heather offer a free copy of their famous Book of Herbs, which has meant new health to hundreds of thousands.—Write, Health and Heather, Ltd. (Dept. 114), St. Albans.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by Wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Bantley, OZON, for free Booklet and further partics. See advt. on p. 20.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Circulatory Troubles! Write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 18), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, "The Story of Elastin," or, better still, fill in coupon on Back Cover.

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A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately, for 11d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—**Pillex**, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Heartless Housing Scheme . .

WE have dealt with many scandalous cases where people have been turned out of their homes, but we remember no instance that could out-rival conditions that now exist in St. John's Wood, London, where about three hundred families have been removed from their homes, while a hundred others are now faced with the threat of eviction.

They live in streets that comprise part of the Portland Town area, which consists of solidly built houses which have been the homes of the present occupiers for periods varying from twenty to forty-five years.

Yet word has gone forth that these families are to be uprooted from their homes, and turned adrift without alternative accommodation.

There is no question of any slum clearance scheme. The properties are in good condition, and the streets involved could not by any stretch of imagination be called slums.

Nevertheless, the houses in Culworth Street, Charlbert Street and Newcourt Street are soon to pass into the hands of the housebreakers, and notices to quit are falling on the unhappy tenants by the score.

Harassed mothers with families and worried fathers walk the streets as if under some dread sentence. There is despair in their eyes and anxiety in their hearts.

"They are taking our homes away from us, and where can we go?" is a lament that is voiced again and again.

"Small" profits

The facts of the situation are clear. The owners of blocks of house property in the area of St. John's Wood have decided that the profits derived from these houses occupied by working-class families paying moderate rents are not large enough.

So these streets of houses are to be torn down in order to make room for blocks of flats, which are to be let at rents which are quite beyond the means of the evicted tenants.

In six other streets in this area houses have disappeared under the picks of the housebreakers, and already blocks of flats are rearing their lofty heads.

It is not surprising that the remaining tenants in this area are filled with apprehension when notices to quit arrive almost every week.

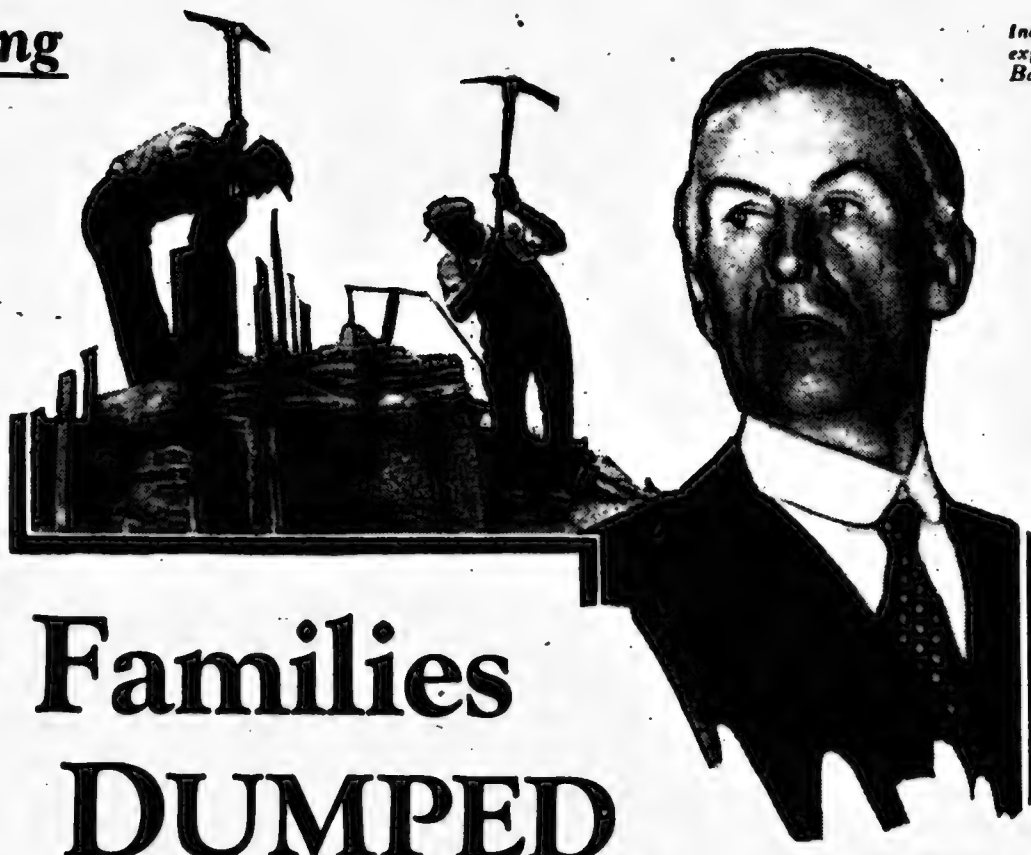
Already a Tenants' Defence League has been formed, under whose auspices a meeting was held recently at the De Walden Institute, Charlbert Street, St. John's Wood.

The object of this meeting of worried tenants was to consider the position which had arisen owing to the alleged non-provision of alternative accommodation in this district for residents who have been turned out or are about to be turned out of their houses that are to be pulled down to make way for the erection of modern blocks of flats.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who attended the meeting, said that, so far as he was able to judge, the tenants had a case which must receive the attention of the authorities.

We think so, too, for even more disquieting facts can be revealed in this connection.

It is not surprising that the meeting was one of the largest ever held in the De Walden Institute, St. John's Wood, even during election campaigns, for the matters under discussion were of vital interest to families who were likely to find themselves homeless at short notice.



300 Families DUMPED on STREET

Mr. Frank M. Elgood, who presided, said that there was ample and suitable land available for rehousing in the district, equipped with schools and welfare centres, and with Regent's Park and Primrose Hill in the vicinity as open spaces.

If the opportunity were not now taken to acquire sites for working-class dwellings in the area it might never occur again.

With this view we are in entire agreement, for with sites available in the district, there appears to be no good and convincing reason why these families who have lived in St. John's Wood for generations past should be hounded out of the district.

The plain facts are that, while there is no shortage of flats in the neighbourhood, there is a definite scarcity of houses at moderate rents suitable for working-class people of moderate means.

Three hundred families have been removed from this district in the past three years, and hundreds of other evictions are likely in the near future.

These streets, which form the Portland Town area of St. John's Wood, have housed people of the working class for more than a hundred years, but now their families are being forced to leave the district without any compensation being made to them, or without adequate alternative accommodation being offered.

Came next day

Among the victims under the latest series of evictions is Mr. L. Clapson, of Newport Street, St. John's Wood. During the past few weeks Mr. Clapson, who has a small business near by, has been active as the Secretary of the local Tenants' Defence League, and was partly responsible for the organisation of the meeting which moved Lord Balfour of Burleigh to such scathing denunciation of the scandal.

On a recent afternoon, when chatting with a JOHN BULL representative, Mr. Clapson said that so far he had not received a notice to quit, but he was uneasy about the future. He had good reason to be, for the dreaded notice arrived on the very next day!

"What can I do?" asked this ex-soldier, who had served during the war from 1914-1918, and was discharged with serious wounds. "I put my gratuity

and practically every penny I had in my little business as a cycle and motor-car engineer after the war.

"Gradually I built up the business, until they began to pull down the premises where my first shop originally stood. I transferred my business to another street near-by, and again I had to move.

"This has not improved trade, and now the last blow is that I am given notice to quit.

"Where can I go? I have a wife and two children, and it is practically impossible for me to find living accommodation within miles of my business. To offer me a flat at a rental of about £3 a week is about as reasonable as offering a dustman a tenancy of a Park Lane mansion."

This is a typical instance of hardship

Indignation at the scandalous plan exposed here has prompted Lord Balfour of Burleigh to publicly denounce the affair

which can be found at almost any house in the area.

Families who, after living in houses anything from twenty to fifty years, are being evicted with a callous disregard of their future.

A married couple, both aged sixty, who have had two rooms in a house for the past thirty years, are to be hounded out of their home with other tenants in the house.

Their chance of obtaining suitable accommodation at a reasonable rent is extremely remote.

To pass from house to house in Culworth Street, Charlbert Street and Newport Street, St. John's Wood, is to hear story after story of anxiety and heartbreak.

Those who have not received notice to quite live uneasily in the knowledge that their turn may come any day or any week.

To offer these people accommodation at rents they cannot afford to pay at places miles away from their present homes is to rub salt into their wounds. These families are being torn up by the roots in order that blocks of flats may be erected where their homes once stood.

We are not concerned with the landlord or company which own these properties.

Action needed

Our concern is with the victims of the rebuilding scheme.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh is convinced that if the matter is brought to the notice of Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health, a way out of the difficulty will be discovered.

Such a way out has not yet been found, and we appeal to the authorities to give this scandal their most urgent consideration. Justice demands no less. The happiness of many families is at stake. The need is for action.

Don't be Tempted!

READERS should be on their guard against the alluring circulars sent out by a city firm trading as Montague Percival from offices at 52, Queen Victoria Street, London.

Described as "stock and share brokers and dealers," it mentions in a letter containing "specialised information" the names of well-known firms whose business is supposed to be definitely on the up-grade.

Montague Percival offers to open dealings in shares in these firms on receipt of a deposit of 10 per cent.

Its hopes pinned apparently to a general trade recovery, it varies its offer to suit all pockets and all grades of society—from those who might hope to make a profit of £25 on an investment of £7 10s. to the grand-scale gambler ready to stake £150 on the chance of securing a return of £500.

And the clients are further invited to pay 6d. a share for the privilege of letting Montague Percival make their fortunes.

Such an offer is just about calculated to lead the uninitiated to suppose that the "streets of London are paved with gold," and that one has but to send along a cheque covering the cost of purchasing certain shares in order to reap a good harvest.

It's not so long since an Edinburgh medical student who was favoured with

a series of circulars from Montague Percival lost practically every penny of his available cash, amounting to some £250.

Let the fate of this particular client be a lesson to any of our readers who may be tempted to swallow the blandishments of this or any other similar firm of stockbrokers trading in this sort of way.

We need hardly say that he was led to stake his money in investments he knew little or nothing about, and his experience should be a lesson to all who may be induced to believe big profits are to be made.

We have stated time and again, but apparently we cannot emphasise it too frequently, that the stockbroker who is a member of the Stock Exchange is neither allowed to advertise nor to circularise.

The partners in the firm run in the name of Montague Percival are Montague Percival himself and another man named Richard Hamid.

But however tempted one may be to risk a loss on the chance of making a big haul on the possible rise in the value of shares in commercial enterprises, the "specialised information" this firm sends through the post is likely to teach the thrifty little in the art of saving and keeping their capital.

THERE is an eleventh commandment in operation in Britain to-day, a commandment which punishes both those who obey and those who break it.

Moses knew nothing of it. It was born, not in Holy Writ, but in the strange labyrinths of bureaucratic and high financial minds.

It is—"Thou shalt not marry."

Only a relative few of us are subject to this commandment—although those few are numbered in their thousands. They belong, for the most part, to what are called the "secure professions." If you are in one of the insecure jobs—console yourself. Nobody is going to dictate to you how, or when or whom you will marry.

Let us begin by considering the case of Mr. W. E. Notman. He belongs to one of these professions which have a commandment all to themselves. He is—or was—a bank clerk.

Disapproval

Ten years ago he joined the Commercial Bank of Scotland. Two years ago, having reached the age of twenty-seven, he asked the bank's permission to marry. He was reminded that the bank stipulated that £200 a year was the minimum salary upon which it would permit its employees to marry. Mr. Notman was getting £160.

He informed head office that his father was willing to make his salary up to £200. But the bank advised him to wait until his salary touched this figure. Thereupon he asked for promotion and a rise. He waited a year before he got it and then it was to £180.

He asked for permission again and repeated his father's undertaking to make his pay up to £200. The bank asked him to wait another six months and wrote that at the end of that time: "We should have the advantage of a report from the agent at Huntley (Mr. Notman's new post) as to whether you are settling down there and performing your duties satisfactorily. In addition, you would by that time be aware whether or not you could obtain a suitable house in Huntley. We would not approve of your settling in furnished rooms."

On receipt of this letter Mr. Notman became ill through worry. Two months later, and being now nearly twenty-nine years of age, he decided to marry—bank or no bank. Perhaps, being also a Scot and knowing his Bible, he recalled St. Paul's injunction, "It is better to marry than to burn."

Anyhow, marry he did. Then he wrote to head office saying that he had taken this step and expressing his regret at having had to break the rules of the bank. Four days later he was dismissed.

Helpless

To-day Mr. Notman is married but jobless. Not only is it, of course, utterly impossible for him to get work in another bank, but he finds his dismissal an insuperable barrier against any other kind of clerical job. He had been in banking all his working life. And "sacked from a bank" has a sort of final ring about it.

Last week Mr. Notman's case was brought before the House of Commons. There were questions to Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour. But what could Mr. Brown do about it? For in his own Department there are employees who must abide by this eleventh commandment or suffer for it.

Being human they suffer anyway, unless, being less scrupulous or more

clever, they find a way out. That way means a relationship "without benefit of clergy." Alternatively, if they do marry and wish to keep their jobs they must embark on a long nerve-racking process of concealment.

Everybody knows that there is a complete marriage bar against women in the British Civil Service.

The same bar, just as effective though less explicit, applies to newly joined male officials in the higher branches of the Service. It is "understood" that your young Foreign Office clerk or other Ministry official contemplating matrimony must first give notice to his immediate departmental chief; and, unless he can prove private means, "approval" is withheld.

If, in spite of this, he marries, he knows quite well that there is a black mark against him which can impede his progress in the Service. He is known as not quite a "sound fellow." And not to be "sound" means "stay where you are" in the Service.

It is a consideration which halts many. It bears particularly heavily on those who have come into the Service via university scholarships since the "private means" qualifications were relaxed.

Unsafe ground

So the Minister of Labour must have felt on very unsafe ground when he was endeavouring to answer M.P.s' questions about this little Scottish bank clerk who got the sack because he married.

And he might have shot a sidelong glance at his Front Bench colleague, the Minister of Education, who would have been equally uncomfortable if the questions had been put to him. For in this great country of ours we still think that, if a woman teacher marries and has a home and children of her own, then it renders her unfit to teach other children.

Except in the areas of a few of the most enlightened of the local authorities she gets the sack for a wedding present.

So, within the ranks of the teaching profession or the Civil Service you find two common situations both of which are anti-social—wrong by any standards you may apply to human living.

First, you find the open *liaison*, forced upon the parties by the rules of their employment and winked upon by authority; and, second, the secret marriage where both parties are sentenced to a social isolation (for the sake of their jobs) almost as complete as if they were castaways on a desert island.

There was a case not long ago when a woman teacher confessed that she had worn her wedding-ring only twice in her first two years of marriage. Once—during the honeymoon which followed her marriage at a registry office (a long way from the district of her spinster lodgings), and once again during the annual school holiday.

Her husband arranged his holidays with hers. They went abroad; and thus she could wear her wedding ring in public without the fear of being seen by someone who knew about her job.

From some points of view, chiefly economic, the bar against married women continuing in jobs is defensible. But it is hard to find any justification for the same rule being applied against men. You would think

that on every ground—health, moral and social—no obstacles should be placed in the way of young men in secure positions of marrying as soon as they have found a partner.

Yet you find arbitrary rules of this kind in a surprisingly great many walks of life in this country.

The "policeman's lot is not a happy one"—particularly if he is a young policeman and is in the Metropolitan Police. If, before joining the Force he has so far forgotten the stern ideals which should guide him as to fall in love, then he must wait four years before he can march to the altar.

Bitter grievance

The rules of entry into the Metropolitan Police are quite specific on the point. On page 20 you will find: "A constable may not marry without the Commissioner's express consent before he has completed four years of service . . . such consent is only given in very exceptional circumstances." Even when this consent is given the constable is clearly told that he will continue to draw single men's allowance only, until the full four years is up.

The rule means that a large number of the young men of the so-called superior type who have entered the Force during the last few years must wait until they are over

They may well look on with envious eyes at the civil engineer, the curate, the civil servant, the rubber planter, the bank clerk, the school-teacher. For, in certain circumstances, they are the employer, and not the person of their choice.

thirty before they may marry. Until then they must be content to live in the station house, in lodgings, or with mother. It is a bitter grievance with many of the recruits.

Some time ago that distinguished body the British Council for Social Hygiene, which has been investigating the problems of these marriage "bars" from the point of view of national interest, went particularly into the question of marriage prohibition in the Metropolitan Police.

It collected a mass of evidence which so impressed the Council that it passed a resolution protesting against the "bar," and brought it before the Commissioner and the Home Secretary.

The Army, Navy and Air Force also have their marriage bars. Lower ranks may not marry until they are twenty-six, a rule which goes back to pre-war days of cramped barracks, and the meagre accommodation of "married quarters." After that age the Service authorities encourage him to marry by offering him an extra 7s. a week on which to keep a wife.

If he marries without permission he marries "off the strength" and



NOT WED..



while others marry: the Indian Army officer, policeman and the woman, before they can wed, their parents, must give their consent

can hope for nothing extra in the way of pay, leave facilities or other privileges.

Commissioned ranks must get definite permission from their commanding officer. If they marry without, as some do, they sentence their wives to a very uncomfortable existence. The Service is officially unaware that the officer is married, and he is subject to the same rules of mess hours and parade duties as if he were single.

If he is without private means he has a very thin time, footing his own mess bills and also keeping up a separate home for his wife.

Hypocrisy

In some of the overseas forces like the Indian Army the rules are even stronger. An officer may not marry until he has attained the rank of captain. In certain crack regiments where promotion is slow, this means that the officer is approaching the forties before he marries.

There are obvious social effects arising from this rule which are disastrous, to say nothing about the

countless personal tragedies. And there is a shocking hypocrisy about the Service's attitude. It prevents officers and men from marrying at the most suitable ages, but it does not expect them to take vows of chastity and continence along with their oath of service. Indeed, weekly lectures on "hygiene" to the men are a commonplace of Service routine.

As for the officers, it presumably ignores the fact that, as a profession, "Army officer" heads the Divorce Court lists—on both sides of the Court.

Lastly, to deal with the marriage bars affecting men who work in this country there is the Church. The Church, of all walks of life, might be expected to be the one which would encourage marriage among its workers. But continually one finds tacit bars existing and directed against the younger priests.

Elderly bishops, comfortably off and usually unmarried, are always issuing "warnings" to these men against marriage. One of the latest pronouncements is that of the Bishop of Lincoln. "The advice I give to young curates," he said weightily the other day, "is calculated to discourage early marriages." There is a world of meaning behind that phrase. When bishops "discourage," young curates listen.

Entrants to a certain C. of E. Mis-

Slaves of 'The Eleventh Commandment'

sionary College, most of them men in the thirties, must agree not to marry during their course of training, which lasts for four years.

If the case of young Mr. Notman, the Scottish bank clerk, does nothing else, it has by being discussed in Parliament focused public attention on the insensate prohibitions against marriage which have been devised in this country.

But to see this eleventh commandment working at its worst we must have a look at some of the less familiar jobs.

"Up to standard"

Pity the poor "Empire-builder," for instance—the young tea planters, rubber planters, civil engineers, and merchants who go out to the East. Compared with the tyrannical marriage rules which surround these jobs, Mr. Notman and his British bank clerk colleagues have an easy time.

Before us we have the employment agreement of a British merchant house operating in India. It states that the minimum age for going out to the firm's offices in India is twenty-five years. And all employees must agree not to marry for eight years thereafter.

In the case of a rubber-planting firm in Borneo whose average age of entrants is thirty years, there is an equally definite prohibition on marriage until eight years' service has been put in.

A big tea plantation insists on a "no marriage" agreement for six years. Presumably it feels a little uncomfortable about this ruling, so it drags in the "public school" idea, the "Empah" spirit, to excuse its decision. It points out that until six years have passed the officer will not be earning enough to support a wife according to "the social standard expected of British married people in the East."

Of course, it has not occurred to this company to get over this objection by giving its officers a larger starting salary.

Afterthought

Another planting company demands that all employees below the age of thirty-five must seek the director's permission before they marry. This is given only in special circumstances. As a rather naive afterthought, it adds that permission will be readily granted, however, if the applicant is to be stationed in a remote forest district.

That exception has obviously been dictated more for profit considerations than by any personal respect for the institution of marriage and the happiness of their employees. An officer in a remote district is less

likely to get dissatisfied with the loneliness of his life, less likely to become ill or drink himself to death if he has a wife to keep him company.

Where there are no definite prohibitions against marriage in the employment agreements, there are with many firms rules or "suggestions" which amount to the same thing.

One oil firm, while announcing that its attitude on the question of marriage is one of "benevolent neutrality," points out that it is better for employees to wait until they are in receipt of £850 a year, which means their waiting about six years.

It mentions, too, that "married bungalows" are only given according to seniority of service. The implication throughout is that if a man married before his time, he must keep his wife in a town perhaps hundreds of miles away. Furthermore, since the directors do not "approve" of such proceedings, there will be a black mark against the employee.

It is significant that out of nearly 100 white officials on the staff of this company, only seven below the age of thirty-five are married. Tragic, too, to all who realise that the East is no place for enforced celibacy, and who know what commonly follows under conditions where it is applied.

In the figures of the married "strengths" of numerous other companies who pose as having a neutral attitude on the marriage question, you can guess how much that "neutrality" is really worth.

An engineering firm with a permanent staff of eighty-five has six married. A chemical firm with a staff of forty has only four married. A world-known trading company employing over seventy officials has five married men, all of them over forty years of age.

The big stick

Other firms find plenty of ways to stop employees marrying without making a definite prohibition on the subject. A big tea-planting company does not give free passages out to wives nor the usual house and medical allowances. A rubber plantation points out that married accommodation is provided only for the headquarters staff in the capital city of the country concerned. Up country, where the employee will work, it must be provided at his own risk and expense.

But the biggest stick of all is the financial one. Employees are told that directors do not approve of marriage until a certain financial state is attained. More often than not, this amount is not defined.

Living can be dear in the East for a single man. Usually by the time he has reached the salary basis for marriage he has saved nothing and has ceased to think about marriage.

It seems a queer thing that while most of the other countries in the world are providing married bonuses, taxing bachelors, and using every means to rush men into matrimony, many of our British employers should be straining every effort to keep men out of it.

Countless personal tragedies have arisen from the operation of this eleventh commandment, which now seems to apply in this country alone.

From the personal point of view its effects are disastrous. From the national or racial point of view it is crazy.

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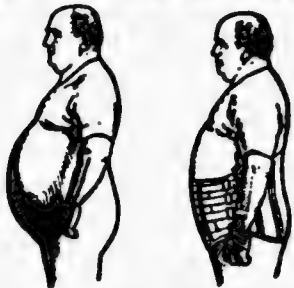
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For New "Operator 1384" Readers and an American named McCann are members of "L'Espionnage Central," a secret service offshoot of the French Foreign Legion.

They are pitted against "The White Tuareg," a renegade white man at the head of a gang of slave and dope traffickers. After frustrating one slave-running attempt "Operator 1384" is attacked by a trafficker named Herthog, and succeeds in arresting him.

Now Read On . . .

SEVERAL days later, as I sat in Ducane's office, writing my report on Herthog's case, my attention was distracted from my work by the sound of voices and hurrying footsteps outside the window.

I got up, crossed the office and looked out. A couple of soldiers were hauling a man off a camel. The man's head was swathed in bandages, but in spite of them I recognised McCann.

I quickly got him into the office.

"Gosh, that's better," he said. "And now listen to me, son. It's Ducane I'm worried about. He's got himself into a real bad jam."

"We were pushing along, telling each other what great guys the Bureau would think us if we managed to arrest the White Tuareg, when Ducane spotted Laviger and his party encamped in a bit of a gulley. Ducane decided to go on and see what was doing, while I stuck around where I was to cover him."

He went on to say that all went well until Ducane reached the little gulley, when a sentry, who had been posted out of sight behind a boulder, spotted him and gave the alarm. Whereupon, as McCann put it, hell began popping.

Ducane could not get to him, and he could not get to Ducane; and each of them had to carry out a separate battle of his own.

But Ducane was less fortunately placed, and though McCann did what he could to prevent it, he saw them gradually encircle Ducane and finally rush him.

"I saw they'd taken him alive," he went on, "but I guessed I'd do no good by trying to get him out of it, so I bolted back here as fast as I could."

For two days we waited. Then, as we had heard nothing of Ducane, we decided that things could not be left as they were any longer, and that I should report the matter to the Bureau the following morning.

It was late at night that we came to that decision, as we sat in Ducane's office beside an open window that looked out on the street.

The knife

We were just getting up from our seats by the window, intending to turn in, when something swished past my shoulder. I turned round and saw a knife embedded in the wall. Fastened to it was a slip of paper, on which was written:—

"Release the man you captured at the Café Cheval Noir and we will return Captain Ducane at once."

It was signed "The White Tuareg." McCann and I discussed the matter for some time and eventually decided that the safest plan would be for Herthog to escape.

We made our way to Herthog's cell, and I explained to him what we intended to do.

"We're going to let you escape, Herthog," I said, "and we trust you to

play straight with us. It's up to you to see that the White Tuareg keeps his word."

"He will," said Herthog. "I promise you that as soon as I reach the White Tuareg, Captain Ducane will be released and allowed to return here unharmed."

Late that night I had Herthog brought by a sergeant from the prison to the office. In such cases, when a prisoner is handed over for questioning or any other purpose, a receipt for him has to be signed, and as soon as this formality had been completed, I dismissed the sergeant.

Confession

As soon as we were alone I handed Herthog his pistol. "We're running a big risk, Herthog," I said, "and we're counting on you not to let us down."

He held out his hand, and I took it. "I won't let you down," he said.

And he kept his word. Just before midday, when McCann and I had almost given up hope and were speculating what would happen to us when the truth became known, Ducane walked into the office, none the worse for his adventure.

I told him what had been happening at our end, making a clean breast of our hand in Herthog's escape.

A little later he got on the telephone to the Bureau Headquarters and made his report. The Bureau took it badly. Their orders were that McCann and I were to be arrested and a court-martial held within a few days.

Ducane did his best for us. He argued and protested and stormed, but it was all to no purpose.

A quarter of an hour later, while Ducane was still fuming, a captain arrived from the prison and informed Ducane that instructions had been received by telephone for the arrest of both of us, and within a few minutes McCann and I found ourselves locked in a cell.

The next morning we received a visit from the captain who had arrested us. He told us that he had received instructions to set us free, and we were to go at once to Captain Ducane.

We found Ducane seated at his desk

VULTURES of the DESERT . .

As we crouched there, part of the wall of the tunnel swung back and into the passage stepped a woman, holding herself proudly



and began to thank him for his efforts on our behalf.

"Don't worry about that," he smiled. "I owe you more than you owe me, and in any case I couldn't have my two best agents building roads at Biribi. We have work to do. Two squadrons of Spahis are outside waiting for orders to move off into the Hogger Mountains against the Tuaregs. I am going, and I want you two with me. Be ready as soon as you can."

We hurried off to the store, fitted ourselves out with the necessary uniforms, and an hour later we were riding with Ducane at the head of the troop in the direction of the Hogger Mountains.

We rode hard for seven hours, and by that time we were well into the mountains.

Slowly and cautiously we made our way along the narrow treacherous track, and I for one breathed a sigh of relief when at last we came to a small open space and Ducane called our first halt since we had set out from In Salah.

The men set about preparing supper, and before the meal was over nightfall came. Double guards were placed all round the camp, and a small wall was built, encircling horses and men, from the loose rocks that lay about.

Ducane was to take command of the first watch, McCann the second, and I the third.

I had just relieved McCann, and was pacing up and down outside the small tent, just large enough to hold two men at a time, which served as sleeping quarters, when there came a sudden outburst of rifle firing.

Instantly the whole camp was aroused, and as another volley was poured into us from the sides of the mountains, our own machine-guns went into action.

Every man inside the little wall of rocks was blazing away for all he was worth. I saw McCann grab a machine-gun, I grabbed another; and we got together and sprayed a constant stream of bullets into the swarm of Tuaregs.



The White Tuareg's WARNING

Slowly, by keeping a deadly fire, we forced them out of the camp. Dawn broke and revealed the havoc that had been wrought in our little camp. Dead and dying Spahis were strewn everywhere.

For hours we laboured to put our camp into something like order, and all the time the Tuaregs were adding to the numbers of our killed and wounded.

With the loss of several more men we managed to build the walls a little higher, but it was quite obvious that, if the Tuaregs made one more attack on anything like the scale of the last one, nothing could prevent their wiping out the whole lot of us.

During our journey out we had spotted a deserted fort, which we intended to make for.

Throughout that day the Tuaregs kept up their sniping and accounted for another dozen of our men.

But nightfall came at last, and we began to prepare to move off before the Tuaregs launched their next attack.

The men who were wounded were put on horses.

We could only move very slowly, and we had scarcely left the camp when suddenly, on all sides of us, Tuaregs sprang up and came rushing down towards us, firing, shouting and gesticulating like madmen. Instantly there was confusion in the ranks. Above the din I heard Ducane shouting, "Sauve qui peut!"

Courage

I found myself hemmed in by Tuaregs, forced away at them with a Mauser in each hand, and found that my way was clear. I set off along the narrow track as fast as I dared ride. It was a perilous journey.

Out of the darkness two Tuaregs came to me. I drew my sword and hacked at them. Something struck my arm, and as I clapped my hand on it I felt that it was wet and sticky. Right ahead of me, silhouetted against the sky, I could see the old fort, and the sight of it gave me the courage to make another desperate effort to reach it.

Of how I managed to get there I have only the vaguest recollection. I can only recall seeing several Tuaregs

coming at me, and cutting my way through with my sword, and I recall very clearly the sensation of intense relief when at last I found myself inside the walls of the old fort, with McCann, his clothes torn and stained and his face smeared with blood, standing beside my horse and helping me to dismount.

Ducane and McCann, like myself, had come through with only a few deep cuts.

For the remainder of the night the Tuaregs left us alone, which was more than we had dared to hope for.

We took advantage of the lull to consolidate our position as well as we could. McCann and his advance guard had managed to get several machine-guns through. We got these into position, posted sentries, and then did what we could for our wounded men with the scanty medical supplies at our disposal.

Just as dawn was breaking the next attack came. It was a furious onslaught; but this time we were under cover and the Tuaregs were advancing in the open. Ducane, McCann and I each took a machine-gun and blazed away at them.

Their losses must have been appalling, and at last they wavered under our withering fire, picked up their wounded and withdrew.

The sun was high and the heat was almost unbearable when next the Tuaregs came swarming to the attack.

Within a few moments we had lost our best means of stopping them, as we found that we had fired our last drums of ammunition and our machine-guns were useless.

"We have just one chance," said Ducane. "Below this fort are some dungeons."

We hurriedly made our preparations.

We made a number of torches from the fat of the dead horses, collected as much food and water as we could carry and all the ammunition on which we could lay hands, and made our way down into the dungeons.

We followed Ducane for what seemed a great distance through the tortuous passages, and then he halted.

We dumped our burdens on the ground and sat down, resting our shoulders against the side of the tunnel. We were all utterly exhausted and depressed.

Dumbfounded

I don't know how long we sat there without speaking a word. Half an hour of so, perhaps. As I remember tossing away the stub of my cigarette, I thought I heard a sound. All four heads were turned quickly.

The sound was repeated—a sort of harsh squeak, like that of a rusty hinge—and Ducane sprang to his feet and stuck his torch into the wall above his head.

As we crouched there, glaring along the passage, part of the wall of the tunnel a few yards away from us slowly swung back, and into the passage stepped a woman.

I could not see her very clearly in the flickering light of the improvised torches, but I saw her clearly enough to realise that she held herself proudly as she paused and stood looking in our direction.

She raised a hand. "Do not shoot, my friends," she said. "I come to do you no harm."

We lowered our pistols, and remained motionless, staring at her, dumbfounded.

The woman advanced a couple of steps and scrutinised us keenly.

"Is there one among you whose name is John Barrington?" she asked.

I managed to find my voice. "My name is Barrington," I said. "Who are you?"

"I am called Teza. I am the friend of Paula, the Marabout, who is also your friend. I saw her recently, and she told me of your great kindness to her."

I glanced at Ducane, who smiled at me. Both of us had vivid recollection of Paula, the Marabout. She had been

concerned in a great plot against the French, to bring a new ruler to North Africa, a "Great One," as the Arabs called him, who was to lead them to victory and sweep the French oppressors out of the country.

I had worked with Ducane to prevent the rebellion and bring the ringleaders to book, and had lived for some time in the house of Paula, the Marabout, as her guest.

Later, when we had got to the root of the plot and were arresting the leaders, I had allowed Paula to escape, and Ducane, who had imagined—not entirely without good cause—that I had been actuated by feelings deeper than those of mere friendship, had shut his eyes to my glaring dereliction of duty.

Daylight

"Paula, the Marabout," continued Teza, "owes you a great debt of gratitude, and she would wish that I should do what I can to pay it." She was silent for some moments, lost in thought. Then: "I am a Tuareg princess," she said, "and you have killed many of my people. But I am not all Tuareg. My father was an Englishman, who became a Noble of the Tuareg tribe, and because of that I will help you."

"How can you help us, Princess?"

"There is another way out of the dungeons. It leads to a spot outside the walls of the fort. You may be able to escape without being seen. Follow me and I will show you the way."

I glanced at Ducane. He nodded.

"Very well, Teza," I said. "We will follow you."

Teza led us through a maze of passages, but she seemed quite familiar with them and never once hesitated. At last, after what seemed an interminable journey, I caught a glimpse of daylight ahead.

We stepped outside and glanced quickly round. All about us were the mountains, and in the distance, about three miles away, we could see the old fort.

For the first time I saw Teza clearly. She was beautiful as she stood there watching us, with a smile on her face.

"I can come with you no further," she said. "But if you follow that track"—she pointed to a clearly marked pathway that wound across the mountain side—"it will lead you to the desert."

It was nightfall when we reached the desert. By this time we had more than half emptied the water-bottle, and as we had more than fifty miles of desert to traverse before arriving at the nearest outpost, matters began to look serious.

We rarely spoke, and the only sounds to be heard were those of our own footsteps and the howling of jackals.

We rested for about an hour, and then Ducane had us on the move again.

But all of us were weak and were quickly getting weaker, and Ducane, when we had had a short spell of rest, decided that we must push on and make use of what little strength we still had.

For two hours we plodded on; and then the sergeant, who had been staggering about like a drunken man, suddenly pitched forward on his face and lay still. We turned him over and looked at him. His tongue, black and swollen, was lolling out of his mouth, and before I felt his heart I knew that he was dead.

"Three left—out of two squadrons!" said Ducane, and set off again.

Oblivion

We scrambled up a steep sand dune and at the top of it sat down for a brief rest. I thought I saw something moving on the top of a sand dune that lay straight ahead of me.

I laid a hand on McCann's shoulder. "Look, Mac—straight ahead—coming down that sand dune—it's a man!"

I could see him clearly enough to recognise him as the old Marabout whose life I had saved a little while before. I saw him hurry towards me and felt him catch me by the arm, and then everything went blank.

When I came round I discovered that I was lying on the sand with my head on the old man's knees. He was bending over me, gazing at me anxiously and muttering to himself. As I opened my eyes, he smiled.

"Art thou better, my son?" he asked.

Continued overleaf

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Continued from page 21

*'That's the stuff
for a
thirst
like
mine'*



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and before I could answer put a water-bottle to my lips.

I drank greedily and then sat up and glanced quickly round in search of Ducane and McCann. They were sitting side by side a few yards away, watching me.

The old Marabout, as soon as we had rested, led us to the outskirts of In Salah, and there we parted from him.

On the third day after reaching In Salah McCann and I set off for the Hoggar Mountains.

It was dusk when we left, disguised as a couple of low-class Tuaregs. As soon as we were clear of the town, McCann, in accordance with the plan we had made, rode on ahead.

Twelve hours' riding brought me to the foot of the Hoggar Mountains. My camel was blown, and I was feeling the strain of my long ride.

I had gone about three hundred yards when, some distance ahead of me, I saw a camel. When I got near enough to see it clearly I recognised it as McCann's by the trappings.

I found him about a dozen yards away, crouching behind a rock, with a Mauser in his hand and a grin on his face.

"What's wrong, Mac?"

"A couple of guys followed me all the way from In Salah, and to throw them off my tracks I cut into the mountains. But that didn't help any. I lost my way, and they were still after me, and then a couple of their boy friends joined them and they all started a sniping competition with me as the target."

"How many are there, Mac?" I asked.

"There were ten," he said, "but I guess there's not more than four of them left. I'm shooting real well these days."

Dawn halt

I took a cautious look over the top of the boulder and made out four figures creeping towards us.

"Wait for them, Mac."

He nodded. I laid my rifle aside and drew my Mauser, and for some minutes we waited.

Then, when they were no more than ten feet away from us, we both sprang to our feet and let them have it with our Mausers. All four of them were dead before they could have had time to realise what was happening.

McCann and I hurried to where our camels were hobbled, mounted them, and set off up the pass as fast as we could go.

At dawn we halted and were about to encamp, when we saw the figure of an Arab coming in our direction.

I took a look at him through my field-glasses and saw by his dress that he was a Marabout, and a few minutes later, as he drew near, I recognised him as the half-crazy old man whose life I had saved with my hunting knife.

As the old man approached us I called to him. "Greetings, father!"

Hidden City

I came to the sudden decision that I would take the man into my confidence. I knew he would do anything he could to help me and was more likely than anyone to be able to tell me where Teza was to be found and the safest way of reaching her.

"I trust you, my son," said the old man; "and if you will trust me I will lead you to the woman you seek. Teza is my friend."

He took us by an entirely different route from the one we had followed on our last visit to the mountains.

In far less time than our previous journey had taken we reached the old fort.

We dismounted, and I was about to hobble the camels when the Marabout stopped me. He would lead us, he said, by a deep, wide passage, and we could take the camels with us.

We followed him, leading the camels,



*Out of the darkness came two
Tuaregs. I drew my sword
and hacked at them*

AT BAY in the OLD FORT

into a tunnel and then through a maze of winding tunnels, turning sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left.

We must have travelled nearly three miles through this labyrinth of passages, and then, taking a sharp turn, we suddenly found ourselves in daylight. For some moments McCann and I stood blinking in the sunshine, hardly able to believe that our eyes were not playing tricks on us.

Stretched out in front of us was a beautiful little valley. It covered at the most five acres of ground and was entirely walled in by the precipitous sides of the surrounding mountains, except at one end where, in a narrow gap between two almost perpendicular walls of rock, stood a stockade gate.

Facing the gate, at a short distance from it, was a big, rambling two-storied house, with a flat roof, built of massive stones.

The old Marabout was smiling at our obvious bewilderment.

"This, my son," he said, touching my arm and waving a hand towards the valley, "is the Hidden City. Not many men who are not Tuaregs have ever set eyes on it."

Death of a chief

Bidding us follow him, the Marabout led the way towards the house. As we approached, I saw a woman come out of it and hurry to meet us, and the next moment recognised Teza.

"So we meet again, John Barrington," she said, "as it was written that we should."

Teza led us into the house. The room into which she took us was large and lofty, with bare walls, but on the floor was a profusion of beautiful rugs and brightly coloured cushions. She invited us to be seated, clapped her hands, and told the girl who entered to bring us coffee.

When we had finished the coffee, she turned to me.

"Why have you come, John Barrington?"

"First of all, Princess," I said, "I want to thank you for having helped my friends and me to escape."

She shook her head. "You have already thanked me, and you did not make the dangerous journey through the mountains so that you might thank me again. You have another reason."

"You're quite right, Princess. I have another reason. I have come to ask you if you can give me any news of the White Tuareg."

I noticed her slight start and saw her cheeks go pale.

"I believe that you come to me as a friend, John Barrington," she said, "and I will trust you and your friend. I have

already told you that my father was an Englishman.

"Many years ago, when his English wife died, he left England and came to Africa to explore the unknown Sahara."

"They have told me that he was a fine man and a skilful doctor, and that he stayed with them and devoted himself to curing all the sickness that befell the tribe."

"Just a year ago," Teza continued, "my father died and it was necessary to

choose a new chief. Far away from here there was another white man living among the Tuaregs, who had made a great name for himself as a wise man and a warrior.

"The Tuaregs sent for him, inviting him to become their chief, and he came."

"Later I met him, and to my amazement I discovered that he was my father's son, who had been left behind in England when my father had set out to explore the Sahara."

"He had heard, when he became a man, that his father had come to Africa, and had left England to search for him."

She paused and sat for a time gazing at me searchingly. "That man," she said slowly, "is the White Tuareg—and my half-brother."

"Until this moment, when I have trusted you enough to share the secret with you, only my brother, the old Marabout, and I have known the truth."

Deserter

It was a disconcerting revelation. Ducane, McCann and I undoubtedly owned our lives to Teza, and she was no doubt counting on our gratitude to prevent our taking any action against the White Tuareg.

Apart from being concerned in the dope and white slave traffic, and conducting raids against his neighbours and the French patrols, the White Tuareg was strongly suspected of being a deserter from the Foreign Legion, and if that were so, things would go hard with him if he fell into the hands of the French.

"I have told you the truth, John Barrington," said Teza, "and now it is for you to tell me the truth. What do you want with the White Tuareg?"

Next Week:

Teza the Mysterious tells her story and so aids the investigators in their search for the "White Tuareg," legendary leader of the slave traffickers.



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F. L., Chemist, Bournemouth.
Digestif Rennie Pastilles contain highly effective antacids, which completely neutralise excess acid—the commonest cause of indigestion. In addition, these Pastilles contain absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments, which actually help to digest food. Each tablet is wrapped separately in waxed paper twist, so that you can carry a few in your waistcoat pocket or handbag. Get a packet of Digestif Rennie to-day!

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THIS week I have to expose a ring of dishonest financiers whose operations are bringing the British name for straight dealing into sorry disrepute.

My disclosures will also reveal how certain of our home-bred financial "advisers" are casting a wider net than ever before in search of their victims.

Information before me indicates that recent manipulations in share-dealing by certain London firms in France and Belgium have developed so seriously as to call for special enquiry.

Scotland Yard has co-operated to the fullest extent in this matter, together with the City of London Police, but, with the rogues flying backwards and forwards between London and the Continent, their task is singularly difficult.

After that general introduction, I propose to deal with one particular case of importance that affects scores of investors, and reveals the loss of a very great sum of money.

The affair begins with the establishment in the early part of last year of a private company under the style of General and Mercantile Issues, Ltd. This concern had an authorised capital of £10,000, and the chief shareholders were Alick Clements, "financial consultant," and Francis Jefferson Stapley, company promoter.

These two men both held 4,750 shares in the company, issued as fully paid. Clements was director, and Stapley the secretary.

The headquarters of the company were in Astor House, Aldwych, London. Incidentally, Clements carried on also under the twin names of "A. Clements and Co." and "Alexander Glen and Co.," and had office-room in Salisbury House, London Wall, close to the Stock Exchange.

General and Mercantile Issues was formed to carry on an exceptionally comprehensive business. It was to transact all phases of finance and stock-broking, and could act—if necessity arose—as bankers and as builders of railways and roads.

Lavish entertainment

Particular attention has been devoted by the company to Belgium. Agents exist in a number of towns in that country, under the direction of a Belgian subject named Sachs.

Instructions to the agents are to interest people in shares of various British concerns, and also in gambling in options. Agents are paid on commission.

A full measure of support was quickly received as the result of canvassing, and money has flowed into the account of General and Mercantile Issues, Ltd.

Frequently Clements and one of his assistants, who passed under the name of Webster or Dennis Trussel, have paid visits to Brussels.

There they have stayed at the most expensive hotel in the capital. They met clients introduced to them by Sachs, and entertained lavishly.

But the investors who trusted General and Mercantile Issues discovered after a time that they could not secure the script of shares, which they were supposed to have purchased in England, neither were they paid their profits when they had made a successful market in differences.

Good cheques had been paid over to the company, but no return given in shares or profits.

So complaints accumulated. A dossier of information and allegation was forwarded to the Belgian Embassy in

Four Flying Share Sharks

Weekly
Informations
from
Sir Wyndham
Childs



Wormwood Scrubs, where one of the "sharks" has already spent some time



Inset, M. Max-lee Gerard, Belgian Finance Minister, to whom the sharks once put up one of their schemes

London, and in due course reached the Metropolitan Police.

I am not surprised that the investors had such an unfortunate experience, for I have found out a great deal about Alick Clements and Francis Jefferson Stapley, the prime movers in General and Mercantile Issues.

Regarding the former, his name is neither Clements nor Alexander Glen. His real name is Glenovitch, and he was in more honest days a journeyman tailor in Notting Hill, London, working on the bench.

Tailoring, apparently, was not sufficiently lucrative for Glenovitch. He drifted into shady "finance," and became allied with several of the most outrageous share-dealing crooks who have ever been exposed in these columns.

For his exploits in the past Glenovitch, or Glen, or Clements—whatever he may call himself—has suffered punishment. Indeed, information before me shows he was only discharged from prison in December, 1934.

Similarly with Francis Jefferson Stapley, or "Major Stapley," as he prefers to be styled. He, too, has a record of fraud of different kinds and an experience of jail. Wormwood Scrubs was the last establishment in which he was detained.

Both men are thorough-paced financial rogues. Their associates include an assortment of convicted offenders.

Strangely enough, the success of the early transactions was probably the cause of the sudden collapse of General and Mercantile Issues, Ltd., for Clements and the members of his band grew over-confident.

One of them had the temerity to approach no less a person than the Belgian Minister of Finance and propound a money-making scheme at a personal interview.

Now for the sequel: The office of General and Mercantile Issues, Ltd., in Astor House, is at the moment tenantless. The company has just ceased to function. On the locked door of the office is a written notice, referring all

callers to a firm of solicitors in the Strand.

As for Clements, he paid one too many visits to Brussels. He, with Webster, or Trussel, was interrogated by the local police and asked to explain what had happened to the money of investors on that side of the Channel.

He will, I learn, be held in Brussels while the affairs of the company are completely sifted.

That is good news from every point of view, for it curtails the

astute endeavours of a crook for—possibly—a considerable time. The authorities are properly thorough in such matters.

There are other members of this ring whose activities should be similarly curbed.

Serious allegations calling for action have been made by a host of victims against no fewer than thirty different firms of stock and share brokers and financial agents, having headquarters in this country, but operating freely on both sides of the Channel.

Stop it!

Not only has the sale of worthless shares been widespread, but there has been considerable bogus company promotion.

Reputable commercial houses in Brussels, Northern France and elsewhere have been induced to part with heavy fees on the pretence that English companies will be formed to assist them financially.

This amazing development in crooked company-mongering calls for firm handling. For the credit of Britain it must be stopped.

SAVE TIME

Why start the day with a rush when by shaving with "Morning Pride" you eliminate soaping, brushing, lathering and rubbing. "Morning Pride" gives you the quickest and cleanest shave you have ever had.

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Instead of so much hot, heavy food, serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes. A welcome change at any meal or as a snack after school or at bedtime. Oven-fresh in the heat-sealed inner WAXTITE bag. Rich in nourishment, easy to digest. No cooking. Just add cold milk or cream.

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"No remedy I tried brought me the relief I got from Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They eased my back and made me well. I always say there's no medicine to equal Doans Pills."

(Signed) E. Cook."

1/3, 3/6, 5/6. Insist upon



Company Meeting.

FURNESS, WITHEY & CO., LIMITED Lord Essendon on the Problems of the Shipping Industry

The 45th ordinary general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on the 26th inst. at the Registered Office, London, E.C.

THE LORD ESSENDON, who presided, said that the Balance Sheet was, he ventured to believe, a document which was sound and unimpaired by any dead wood. The Profit and Loss Account also gave cause for reasonable satisfaction, although it was a matter of great regret to the Directors that once again it was considered desirable to recommend a policy of prudence in preference to the payment of a dividend on the Ordinary share capital. Naturally it was hoped to resume the payment of dividends at as early a date as possible; if last year's profits were maintained and improved, as he hoped would be the case, this might be possible next year.

Of course, the full dividend had been paid regularly on the preference share capital, and while their profits, at £415,310, showed an increase of about £20,000 compared with 1935, it was gratifying to be able to report that this increased figure had been possible without bringing in anything from reserves. Non-recurring items there were, as was usually the case, but the important points were that dividends on investments, earnings on shipping properties and branch office profits all showed material improvements.

FINANCIAL RESULTS.

Referring to foreign competition, he said that by the latest subsidy regulation which had within the past few weeks been approved by the United States President, American shipowners engaged in overseas trade would be entitled to Government assistance in regard to both construction and operation of their ships. Briefly, the regulations provided for a construction subsidy, representing the difference between the cost of building vessels in a United States shipyard and the cost of building similar vessels in a foreign yard. Provision was also made for devising means by which importers and exporters of the United States could be induced to give preference to vessels under the United States flag. In contrast with this protection of American Liner services, our own Government had, he thought rightly, given a subsidy of £2,000,000 last year and again this year for the preservation of tramp tonnage under the British flag.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.



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**PURITAN
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Strictly Anonymous..

I was a LOVE THIEF

I HAVE a friend. A better, man never had. We take long walks together; gossip our way up hill and down dale; sit on green banks to puff at our pipes when our legs get tired, which they do more often now that "we're no longer as young as we used to be," as we so often tell ourselves.

And all the time we talk and talk about our schooldays, the years of our early manhood, even events as recent as the month before last—yet always avoiding one ten years' gap in our lives as if it had never been.

For in that ten years I wooed and won and lived in a little Paradise of our own with the only woman he ever mustered courage to speak to, the woman that he loved.

He is content to think that she preferred me to him. Perhaps he is silent about it because he thinks it would be unsportsmanlike to mention her to me. Perhaps he thinks it might hurt me. Certainly it is not because she is no longer in his thoughts.

And I—I know that my methods were the methods of the love-thief, that I cheated him of years of happiness, and her of a better man than I would ever know how to be. How could I tell him that, with his steely eyes peering in friendship into mine?

And so I must unburden myself of my secret here, knowing that he will never refer to it even if he reads my story in print—for he, I am sure, regards his own version as belonging to the innermost depths of his heart.

Well, that ten years we never mention to each other began one brilliant summer when I was taking my regular evening walks alone. It was not that I preferred my own company. Always I had taken these walks abroad with James.

No, his hard work and self-denial had enabled him to buy a little business in a town 200 miles away, from which he regularly sent me letters pleading with me to visit him and resume our evening walks, if only for a fortnight.

ONE day I wrote to him to say I was coming. I found him waiting for me at the station, overjoyed that no last-minute hitch had prevented me from travelling.

He piloted me to the station hotel, where a real slap-up dinner for two was waiting, and then, over coffee, showed traces of excitement that I had never detected in his rugged, honest-to-goodness make-up before.

Yes, it was a girl. He blurted out about her over coffee. From the vivid and glowing descriptions he gave me of Mary I knew, beyond doubt, that he was head over heels in love.

Two days later, and there she was—advancing to meet me, with James's rubicund face shining delight in the background.

He needn't have wondered whether I

On Guard

While our registered readers are enjoying themselves on holiday JOHN BULL is standing guard over their precious possessions left at home. Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift JOHN BULL not only provides generous benefit for loss by burglary, but is the only paper in the world to safeguard its readers' household effects against damage by fire, storm, flood and tempest.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy this full protection while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

Should an application for benefit arise, all that readers will be asked to do is to show that before leaving for their holidays they instructed their newagent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return and that they bought JOHN BULL while they were away.

If you have not registered, fill up the forms on page 2 to-day.



Mary and I found ourselves in each other's company while James was working. It was inevitable...

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul. Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden. We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

was going to approve of her. Approved? Good heavens, I was telling myself within half an hour that here was someone Fate had intended for me, and for me alone.

James seemed delighted at my obvious pleasure in meeting his intended, the more so as he had planned asking me to entertain her during the day-times, when his business kept him fully engaged. But as for my own heart—I am afraid I was playing in a half-hearted way with the idea that not even James could stand between such a girl as this and myself, if she should show any signs of wanting me.

James was a very busy man, and I had plenty of opportunities of meeting Mary in the days that followed. My first thoughts of winning her not only persisted, but grew from hour to hour; and, as for Mary, I soon found myself thinking that I observed signs of encouragement, although I couldn't be sure.

And so, subtly and never very definitely, I began to ascribe little meannesses to that great friend of mine who had never done a cheap thing in his life.

I spoke of indiscretions. But always I kept up the note that "he was one of the greatest fellows in the world, really," although the whole course of my conversations was intended to convey otherwise.

Anyhow, when the time came for me to confess my love it didn't come as a great surprise to me to find that she loved me, too.

James was kept in the dark throughout as to details of our "friendship." I can only imagine the shock he got when he opened the note I left for him, and which told him what I was too big a coward to tell him to his face.

AND soon we were married, travelled for ten days before going to our new home, and then reached it for the first time one night to find one solitary parcel awaiting us. Our only wedding present was from James, and with it a little note. James had forgiven.

It was as I stood in my own hall with a brown paper wrapping in one hand and a tortoiseshell box in the other that

the full shabbiness and meanness of my action came before my eyes as a light as glaring that it threatened to blind me. I did what few men will confess to readily—broke down and cried.

I had shown James the meaning of treachery. He was showing me what a real friend was. I was dross; he gold. Yet I had Mary.

Yes, for ten sweet and unforgettable years she was mine. We had no children. That was the only gift she denied me, and that through no fault of her own.

Yet the fact that she was surely the most wonderful wife God ever gave to a man served to torture me when I thought of James. It made me realise how great was the thing I had stolen from him. It seemed to magnify my crime to gigantic proportions...

TO-DAY, Mary is a heavenly memory in the minds of two men who dare not discuss her. She has gone before the Great Judge.

James, who never visited us during the years of our marriage, wrote to me after my bereavement one of the finest letters that one man ever penned to another.

To-day he is the person in whom I find most solace.

I go to the town in which he lives as often as I can—the town where I first met Mary. I always find him waiting for me when I arrive—not on the station, now, but pulling at his pipe on a little grassy bank.

I find him cheerful, and smiling and bolterous, of course—except once when I came on him unexpectedly. Then his head was bowed as if deep in thought.

DESTROY Fleas!

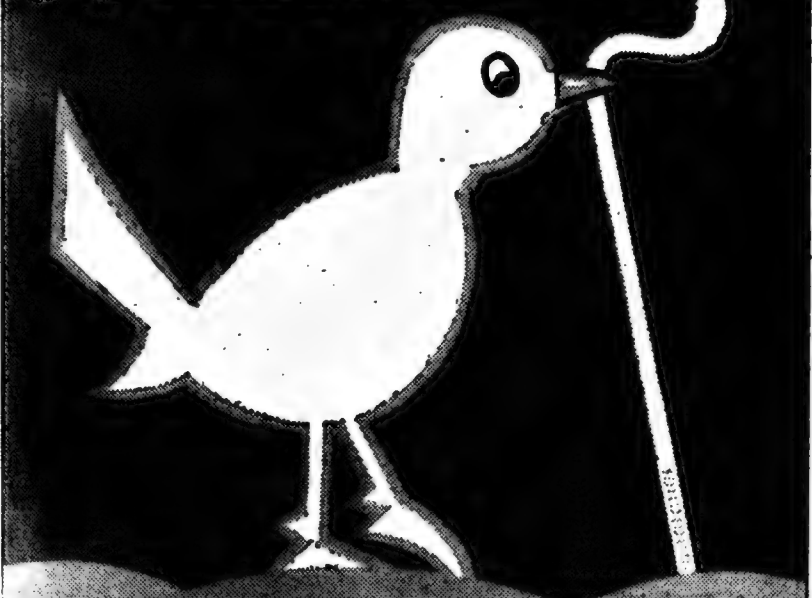
Dead fleas don't bite. Sprinkle Keating's wherever there are fleas—and sleep in peace—but it must be Keating's. Cartels: 2d., 6d. and 1/- Powder flask 1/-.

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If you don't feel like eating a heavy lunch, have a couple of sandwiches with a glass of what you prefer. It makes a perfect meal.

Have a

SANDWICH

C.F.H. 212



A Jealous Wife's Confession

"I KNEW my husband's affection was cooling off. At 20 I had a pretty face and fresh clear skin. But housework and bringing up two children soon brought lines and wrinkles. At 30 I could easily have been taken for 40. Then I read about the amazing discovery of Biocel by some great doctor in Vienna, which enables women to get back their youthful looks. I got a jar of Biocel Skinfood at once, and used it that night. The very next morning my skin seemed to be fresher and clearer. In a week my husband said: 'Why, Emily, you actually look younger.' In a month all my friends were commenting on the change in my appearance."



Biocel is a vital cell food obtained from carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It is contained exclusively in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. This nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Removes lines and wrinkles. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes the dark, rough skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

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THEY'LL FILL THE BILL
PER DOZ 4/-

End Seasickness
Get **SONGO**
End Travel Sickness by sea, road or air. SONGU NEVER FAILS.
1/3 and 2/3, Chemists, or Post Free Vendors, Ltd., 180, Pitt St., Glasgow.

HEALTH FAILURE DUE TO HER Sensory Nerves

... THEY NEEDED SOOTHING AND FEEDING WITH THE FAMOUS DR. CASSELLS FORMULA



Mrs. Ransome was like thousands upon thousands of other men and women... her Nerves were tired... she was Worn Out! She was rapidly heading for a Nerve Crisis and her whole life was a misery!

There was only one way to make her well... her NERVES needed Soothing and Feeding. And directly she began to take the remedy now known to the World as Dr. Cassells Tablets, she began to improve! Let this story be a lesson to YOU! Do not continue to fight against those awful Nerve Attacks! Banish them!

INDEX OF NERVE SYMPTOMS

Weak Nerves can put every function of your body out of order.

- HEADACHES
- BACKACHE
- IRRITABILITY
- NEURALGIA
- SCIATICA
- DEPRESSION
- PALPITATION
- HYSTERIA
- INDIGESTION
- NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
- NEURITIS

—these are only a few of the symptoms of Nerve Trouble. But Dr. Cassells Tablets will put you right. They contain all the nerve soothers, feeders and strengtheners which your system needs.

Dr. Cassells Tablets are the complete treatment... they strengthen the nerves whilst they rejuvenate the whole body. Do not suffer longer, begin to take Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY!

CASE NO. 1486

WONDER IF JOHN'S SICKENING FOR SOMETHING?

WILL THE CHILDREN GET HOME SAFELY?

GEORGE'S FIRM'S EACH WILL HE LOSE HIS JOB?

WHAT SHALL I GET FOR DINNER TO-DAY?

HOW CAN I MAKE ENDS MEET?

Oh Dash!

Whatever is that? Oh! I'm all nerves.

Why Mrs. Ransome, you are getting hysterical. This mustn't go on—you must see...

"Mrs. Ransome, the fault is with your nerves. Your whole nervous system is run down and your Sensory Nerves are in a highly excited and highly Sensitive state. They are 'running riot'. You are heading for a Nerve Crisis and you must begin instantly to strengthen your whole Nervous and Physical System. Take these tablets 3 times a day."

...and I can't sleep either."

THE SENSORY NERVES
Are the nerves which bring messages to your brain. When they are disordered then they bring the most painful and acute forms of pain, intensified. Any noise seems twice as loud, worries are magnified, the brain is excited, Sleeplessness, fits, temper etc.

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

From **All Chemists**
6d. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

KIDNEY TROUBLE

YOU CANNOT BE WELL IF YOUR KIDNEYS ARE AILING

If you have Kidney Trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. You will be unable to do your work, and sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked through faulty dieting, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

Suspect Kidney Trouble if you have RHEUMATISM BACKACHE BLADDER TROUBLE SCIATICA JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO DISTURBED NIGHTS or any Urinary Irregularities

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their healing work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

DeWITT'S
KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS
Prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER
Sold by all chemists at 1/6

Beginning Life Anew..

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

LIFE, to some people, resolves itself into a struggle for existence. Spells of unemployment swallow up any hard-earned savings, and the fight becomes desperate when ill-health is added to the other worries. That is the lot of my first correspondent and her husband.

We have been married three years (she tells me), but times have been bad and my husband has not had a regular job. All this time I have thanked God that we at least had our health, but a short time ago my husband had to see the doctor and our last hope was shattered. He told him that he had strained his heart and would not be able to do heavy work again.

We have been considering what to do and we have thought of opening a little business. Our little money would not be sufficient for this purpose and we should have to borrow a certain amount. We are both confident that in the right place we should succeed, but all this talk of a coming war is making us hesitate. What do you advise us to do? It is impossible to go on as things are and I cannot bear to see my husband so old and worried at twenty-five.

MANY of my readers, I know, are greatly troubled at the prospect of another war. If, alas! it should come, it will mean the end of everything. Civilisation could never stand up against it. There is reason to believe that the rulers in Europe are aware of that fact. And it should make them hesitate.

I don't think a threat of this kind should deter my correspondent's husband from going ahead with his plans. He will never get anywhere if he lives in constant dread of something happening.

My correspondent does not tell me what branch of business they are thinking of entering. I would suggest that this man deals with some commodity which the public will always require or what is generally termed a "bread and

butter" line. He will find competition in whatever field, but he might consider a way-side café, a poultry farm, a petrol station.

Whatever he takes up, if he makes a success of it, he will have one great advantage. The hard work he puts into it is for his own benefit and he rids himself of the worry of dismissal or becoming unemployed.

It is a great misfortune when a small business man is dogged by ill-health. Listen to this story:

I have been married nearly two years and we have a baby boy of three months. During the last eight years I have been working up a small business as a boot and shoe repairer and it has enabled us to live just comfortably, but now my doctor tells me that I must get a job in the open air and give up my present work. He says that if I do not follow his advice I shall probably not live to be forty—I am now twenty-seven.

All this is very upsetting, both to my wife and myself, and when I complain of my ailments she begs me to give up the business. But to throw oneself out of work is a big step.

We have now had the offer of a low-rented house in Blackpool and my wife suggests that we should take in paying guests. I could help her and in the meantime look for a fresh job. There is just a chance that I could get work out of doors and that would at least help to pay the rent. I hate the idea of selling the business, but I don't know what to do—I should so much like your advice.

It seems a great pity to have to sell a business after having put eight years' hard work into it. I wonder if that step is really necessary. I take it that my correspondent has seen only one doctor.

Now, doctors, like most of us, sometimes make mistakes. And I think the first thing is to have that verdict confirmed. That can be done by seeing a specialist at a hospital. It may not be so bad as things appear.

I am not sure about the suggestion to take a boarding or apartment house. It is by no means a certain living and at a place like Blackpool can be only seasonal. I should have thought his wife had enough to do with her house and her little baby and to take on the burden of caring for visitors might only upset her health.

If the doctor insists that this young man should give up his business altogether, what about his buying an insurance book with the proceeds. He would be sure of a certain income. He would be out in the open air all day and if he is able to work up his connection he would improve his position.

A few moments ago I spoke of the advantages of a man running his own business. Here is a letter which tells of the drawback of working for somebody else. It comes from a young fellow, who says:

At the present time I am employed by a man with whom I have been for the past four years. My mother is also employed by the same man, and it is largely due to her efforts and hard work that he has reached his present stage of success.

He has larger business premises, more turnover and consequently increased profits, but both my mother and I are still receiving the same wage as when we commenced with him. We practically run the business, working long hours, but I have no real position, and though he tells mother that I shall be all right, he does



It is an important step for a family to make a complete break with the old life, and start afresh. But there is little to fear if the future is faced with courage and determination

nothing about it. I could look for other work, but I should hate to leave home, as my mother depends upon me to help her both at business and at home.

My sister, who is not yet earning, and I would like to be able to invite friends home, but in our present circumstances this is impossible. Would you, please, advise me what to do?

This young man's problem is a difficult one, for it concerns his mother as well as himself. And I appreciate he does not want to leave her in the lurch either at home or at work. It seems to me that both of them are so valuable to that employer that he ought to recognise their services.

HAVE they asked him for an increase? It may be that he will readily respond. If he does not, then I do not think they should place much reliance on that vague promise for the future.

And in that event an effort should be made for his mother and himself to find work together elsewhere.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1-1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nut, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Canterbury adjustment Handlebars, Dunlop Roadrider Rims, Racing Pedals, Collier Race Sprockets, Brooks Spring Seat Saddle. Hold all that, Reflector and Accessories. Ladies' or Men's or 6 1/2-monthly. Good value. Ladies' Men's, Juvenile. Trademark "N" on frame, etc. J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



Gladys

Greatest of These—

Stricken Family

GLADYS, who has just celebrated her sixth birthday, is a source of grave anxiety to her parents, for she is under observation at the tuberculosis dispensary for her district. Her ex-Service dad after his discharge received a disability pension for heart trouble, but this only lasted for two years, though he states that his heart is still "none too good."

Gladys's mother is very delicate, and she and her five children are all kept under observation by their tuberculosis medical officer. A boy, aged thirteen, has been under the doctor for a long time for spinal trouble.

Gladys's father attributes this deterioration in the family's health to under nourishment and to the fact that they now live in a congested slum area.

Their weekly rent of 15s. is increased by 5s. until the arrears are cleared up. Donations earmarked "Gladys," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

B.D.V.

10
FOR
4D



*The seasons
biggest capture*

Jolly good
tobacco!

TWO PICTURES
IN EVERY
PACKET



New!

30 FLAT DECORATED TIN 1/-

THIN PEOPLE Get the 'Go-By'

THE THIN, WEEDY, WEAK-LOOKING MAN
—Can't Gain a Woman's Admiration
THE BONY, ANGULAR, SCRAGGY WOMAN
—Rarely Meets Romance with a Capital 'R'

BUILD UP AN
ADMIRATION-
COMPELLING
FIGURE
WITH

'IRVONA'

BRAND

THE GREAT
NERVE
and
BODY
BUILDER

TRY IT FOR 7
DAYS

THERE is now no need to be a "human scarecrow"—to be denied social pleasures and business success because of a thin, angular, weak-looking frame. Very thin people seldom make friends, never inspire admiration in others, nor command respect in their chosen walk of life. No man likes to be seen with a thin, angular woman with "saltcellar" depressions and protruding bones. She is unbeautiful, unattractive . . . uninteresting . . . she is Nervy, Unhealthy!

Nor does a woman like to have a weedy, weak-looking man as a Companion. He never looks a REAL man, somehow!

BUILDS BEAUTIFUL
BODIES

Thanks to scientific research, easy means have been found to remedy these distressing conditions, which are a menace to health. Such a remedy is now available to YOU in the form of convenient sugar-coated tablets called "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder, and so confident are we of its amazing effect that we invite you to try it for 7 Days!

Now "IRVONA" puts the matter right from the start. It restores the nervous force which enables the body to feed itself, and, in addition, provides certain flesh-building powers to the blood which quickly make their presence felt.

Thus, quite simply, "IRVONA" Builds Beautiful Bodies out of the most unpromising material and transforms "human scarecrows" into veritable Models of Figure Perfection and Form.

1'3 1 WEEK'S
SUPPLY
3' 3 WEEKS'
SUPPLY
5' 6 WEEKS'
SUPPLY

IRVONA

NERVE AND BODY BUILDER

Save Money
by
Purchasing
The Larger
Sizes

Obtainable from all Chemists, or post free by sending the price.
IRVONA, Dept. 29F, 1, Gresse St., London, W.1

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

THIN MAN—

"They just ignore me. I wish I could put on flesh."



IF YOU ARE A
SKINNY, SCRAGGY
WOMAN

whose clothes never fit properly, and whose beauty is spoiled by unlovely lines, you can soon possess Alluring curves and beautifully rounded limbs, A well-developed figure and flowing lines, A clear complexion and smiling eyes, Ruby lips and glowing cheeks, High spirits and irresistible vivacity!

IF YOU ARE A
THIN, WEAK-LOOKING
MAN

whose body looks like "two deal boards," with sunken cheeks and a "tired" appearance, you can soon be proud of A strong, healthy figure, Firm, well-proportioned limbs, A dominating presence and appearance, Great stamina and increased strength.

MONEY-BACK OFFER
PROVE to yourself, NOW, how "IRVONA" will cover those bones with healthy flesh and muscle, fill out those hollows, smooth away those ugly angularities and make you well-moulded, shapely, well-proportioned and healthy.

The Sponsors of "IRVONA" Brand are so convinced that good results will follow its use that they offer to supply through any Chemist, or direct, one week's treatment 1/3 post free on the distinct understanding that any purchaser who fails to experience sufficient improvement to justify a continuance of the remedy may receive a refund of the full purchase money from the address below.

HOW Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALS THE SKIN

It soothes raw, irritated, inflamed and fiery areas the instant it is applied. Healing starts at once. New skin grows over bad places in record time. Germolene is breaking all records in skin healing, there is nothing to touch it for relieving throbbing pain and maddening itch. Get your tin to-day.



ACCEPT THIS OFFER

PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!

Germolene is now obtainable in a

NEW 6^D SIZE

In addition to the Standard Tins. Price 1/3, 3/- & 12/-, Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS

Brand 1/3 per box.



1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-;
£1; £2; £5; £10

UP TO ANY AMOUNT ACCEPTED
in accordance with rules

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bearing a time stamp not later than
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THE SPORTSMAN'S
COMPLETE SERVICE

Racing and Greyhounds.

Please send particulars of your Service.
I am over 21 years of age.

Name
J.B. 8/34
Address
Town
County

DAVID CODE
ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227, BATH ST. GLASGOW, C2

I AM over seventy, and until a few weeks ago I was a crabbed, soured old bachelor, with no interest in life and little joy in living. Then I spent a fortnight's holiday at the seaside, and to my disgust and horror I found that seven children were staying at the same boarding-house. Within a week, however, the little devils had won my heart. They turned me from a "crab-apple into a morgan sweet."

I'd gladly live that holiday over again.—Mr. H., Kingsdown.

Surprise Visit

A few days before Christmas, 1932, I began to long to spend Christmas Day at home with my parents in South Wales—a thing I had been unable to do for several years.

My fiancé suggested that we hire a car and pay them a surprise visit. This we did and, starting very early in the morning, arrived to find mother preparing the Christmas dinner.

That is the holiday I would like again, for although it was taken out of the recognised holiday season, was expensive and lasted only three days, it was the happiest I have ever had. —Mrs. E. S., Leicester.

Found Out!

What a holiday it was! The excitement of fishing in the stream for "tiddlers," the thrill of tiding behind the farmer on the "bogy" carrying the hay. The feeling of importance at being allowed to feed the chicks, the mischief of feeding the pigs with coal and berries.

Lastly, smuggling strawberries and liquorice to the bedroom for a midnight feast. We were found out, because we lay in bed on some of the strawberries!

Alas, such a holiday can only be had again by turning the leaves of Memory's Book, for we were only youngsters at the time.—Miss P. C., North Shields.

Savings Gone

Before the war I was one of those young men who, hearing the call of the wide, open spaces, emigrated to Canada. My father and mother were fairly well-to-do and they gave me a good send-off.

I was in luck's way, for I found it more profitable to buy and sell land rather than work on it, and after several years, and with a small fortune in the bank, I decided to visit England.

It was only on reaching home that I learned the facts my parents had bravely kept from me. Illness had sapped their savings, bringing them almost to penury.

Thank heaven I was able to put things right, and when, some months later, I set off for the Dominion once more, I had spent the finest holiday of my life.—S. P., Wigan.

Race with "Silver Ring"

THREE OF THE BEST

SOME time ago I referred to the fact that half-bred horses—those not eligible for the General Stud Book—were quite all right so far as racing merit was concerned.

Solerina, the winner of the Stewards' Cup and, incidentally, my Code selection is the latest half-bred to shine. The victory of this filly has prompted a correspondent to ask for the best half-dozen half-breds in training.

The selected list stops at a trio and is as follows:—Quashed, Thankerton and Solerina.

Lewes and Thirsk supply the week-end racing, and winners may be easier to find at the Sussex venue. I like the look of Max, Such Fun and Le Petit Pierrot.

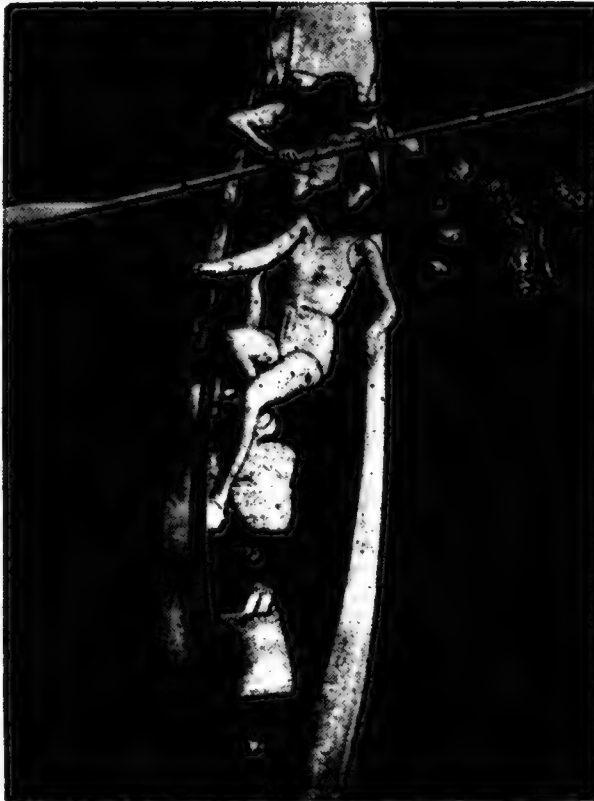
"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, August 6, to Wednesday, August 12. R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 98 B 94 M W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

QVKM94 would read SPADE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KZ294U would read ALLEY.

The HOLIDAY I'd LIKE Again



gurgles its way down to the sea, and it is to this healing and heavenly atmosphere that I came after two long years of agony, spent lying on my back in a London hospital ward.

The freshness of the sea air after my long confinement, and the firm feel of the rocks beneath my feet in those first ecstasies of walking again, unaided and without pain, provide memories I shall never forget, and an experience I would gladly repeat.—"Westwood Ho," Wimbledon.

Tinsel Pageant

I long to take the road once more with a travelling show. I saw the fun of the fair from the inside; tried my hand at cooking, used my hand on tent-pegs, and helped to count the takings at midnight. I slept well in, and sometimes under, the caravan. I tanned beautifully, and saw Nature from a new angle as we stole along quiet roads to our next "stop."

There is no thrill comparable to taking part in the tinsel pageant which gives pleasure to old and young alike.—H. R., Co. Durham.

Shopping by Boat!

Imagine waking in the morning and feeling the sea spray coming into your bedroom window!

Imagine yourself high and dry, yet surrounded by deep blue water, of diving and swimming from your back door!

Imagine the delights of going shopping by boat, catching your breakfast whiting by throwing a line from your bedroom window, and being lulled to sleep by the gentle splashing of the waves against the wall of your garden!

I'd love to go there again for my holiday—to the lonely lighthouse not far from the mainland of Northumberland.—G. H., London.

Motor-cycling

I motor cycled over two hundred miles to a small town in Cornwall, where I rode in a race of sixty miles at fifty miles an hour. I was first in one race, second in another, and I left the meeting richer by £10 and two cups, one being presented by the mayor for the fastest time in the race.

I filled in the remaining days of the week with a tour of Cornwall, and the ride home on the last day concluded the holiday I'd like again.—B. E. K., Worthing.

Youth Regained

The holiday I'd like again is one I spent a few years ago with a dear old lady—my mother.

Tidying up her little garden and tying up flowers, repainting the cottage and getting in the hay on her little holding—these things took me back to the happy years of my youth.

Besides, the benefit of beautiful and peaceful country air made it, to my mind, a holiday without equal.—B. H., Briton Ferry.

Railway Tour

Some years ago I accompanied my father on a railway tour of Scotland.

From the window of the north-bound night express we watched the sun rise over the mighty Gramplams; saw, too, mountain burns alongside the line sparkling and tumbling in the morning rays.

We marvelled at granite Aberdeen, then on to Inverness and beautiful Oban. Next busy, commercial Glasgow, and, last of all, the calm, learned Edinburgh.

Regrettably we boarded the south-bound express, to roar back through the darkness again to London.—S. H., E.I.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 11.

THE HOLIDAY I NEVER
WANT AGAIN

Haunting Beauty

Some time ago I spent my summer vacation in a canoe. In this frail craft I explored the picturesque lochs of Western Scotland and came under the spell of their haunting beauty.

There was just that element of danger about my holiday which added the spice to my pleasures, and, although I found myself in many an awkward situation, I nevertheless look forward to the time when I can repeat this performance in these magic waters of the West.—"Red-skin," Lanarkshire.

Millionaire's Holiday

Paris, in July of 1926—and 240 francs for a pound. The exchange rate, like a magic wand, transformed my holiday; every shilling I had to spend became from six to ten in purchasing power.

A superb dinner cost 1s. 3d.; twopence was a generous tip. The best theatre seats cost 2s. 6d., and a long taxi ride only 6d. Wonderful sightseeing trips, hitherto unattainable luxuries and pleasures, came within my reach; a few shillings bought expensive presents to take home.

For a whole fortnight I literally lived like a millionaire on my modest savings. Such conditions will never recur—but I wish they would!—B. G., Didsbury.

Reunion

Four years ago I journeyed from my ship in a South Australian port to Broken Hill, where I met my brother, after being separated for eight years.

I was shown over the city by car, conducted over one of the famous silver mines, and shown over the gasworks.

The great day, however, was when we went "out back" by car on a kangaroo hunt. The 'roos were scarce that day, but I was credited with a hit.

I would welcome the chance to have that holiday again.—J. P. H., Sunderland.

Into the Wilds

Another like several I experienced in South Africa, where I spent my boyhood. Annually my father would organise a six weeks' trek into Bechuanaland.

One must experience to appreciate the thrill of sleeping between camp fires in wild country where weird noises are heard, to rise with the first streak of daylight, swallow a mug of hot coffee, and start off with guns to get an early kill, then back to camp for breakfast.

Then the fun of watching natives listening to a gramophone for the first time, and a few of the incidents which make it the holiday I'd like again.—G. D., Leicester.

Healing Atmosphere

Between wooded slopes and green hills in glorious North Devon, the little Lyn

THERE'S ALWAYS TIME FOR A 'STAR'



-between
the dances



WILLS'S **STAR** CIGARETTES

10 for 4^p 15 for 6^p 30 (in box) 1/-

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

PENSION, FORTUNE and MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY WEEK-END for "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD!

HUGE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
plus **£500**
OR LUMP SUM OF **£750**

MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY
WEEK-END FOR TWO...

£150 HOLIDAY CASH
BETWEEN ALL
RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD VALUE
£2

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each reader of every containing only one
less meritorious Answer than Runners-up
we shall forward a Special Surprise Award
—to be posted Wednesday, August 28

A note by the Editor of the "Crossword" section of the "John Bull" is published weekly. It contains the answers to the puzzles and the names of the winners. It is a valuable reference for all crossword puzzle enthusiasts.

29

PRESENTED on this page is the twenty-ninth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, August 27, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

11 BIG X-WORD
CHEQUES WON SEE RESULT
ON PAGE 33

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s. Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, August 14.

2.—In addition to two shilling Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 27. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he has entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 1, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing (1) Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may demand the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues; both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

HOME CHIMP
ADOPT AENE
LEO LIT TROT
TEN MEN DIS P
LYRE ACH TEN
PIAS SHUN
ODDS ALENG E
WHO BOAST DU
EGGS ROPEN
RAE TAKEN A
TREAD TILL
NEEDED CASE

X-WORD No. 26.

RESULT ON PAGE 33.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors who gave SHED or SLED (not SEED) were regarded as having submitted apt Answers of equal merit.

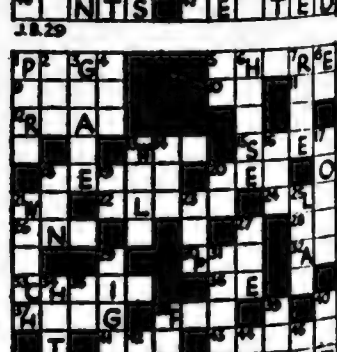
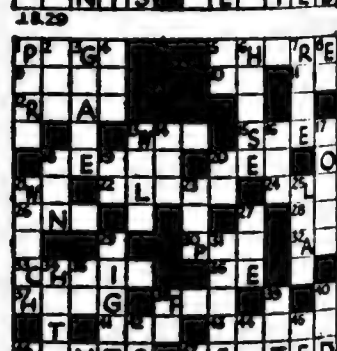
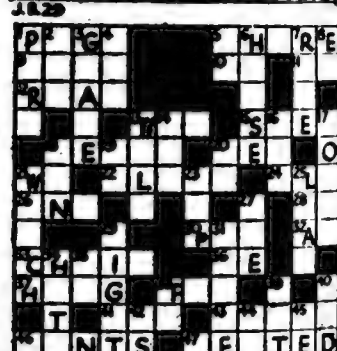
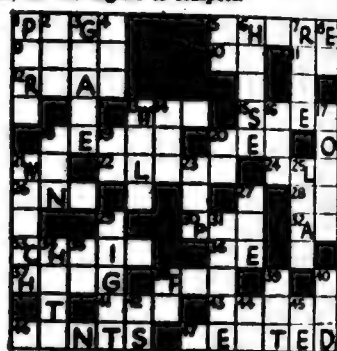
Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 26 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up the coupon below.

CLUES ACROSS

- Boy attendant, found in book
- It's wiser to plunge on one you know
- Measure of land in "John Bull's" address
- How sewing begins in season
- Middle of pond
- Genuine
- It's hard to make this honourably
- It's sown in garden
- Kingly
- Seen in church, and half pewter
- Stop half-way through ward
- Weather one is blamed for rain
- Part of wall, 48 inches long
- Is usually provided with facilities for writing letters
- Both ends of eel
- Spy is paid to do this
- Common to ass and master
- Mayer has special one for council meetings
- Tone with no consonants
- Suspend
- Things look brighter after this
- Provides your breakfast egg
- Join together
- Are not put up without some trouble
- Hand should be, when starting work

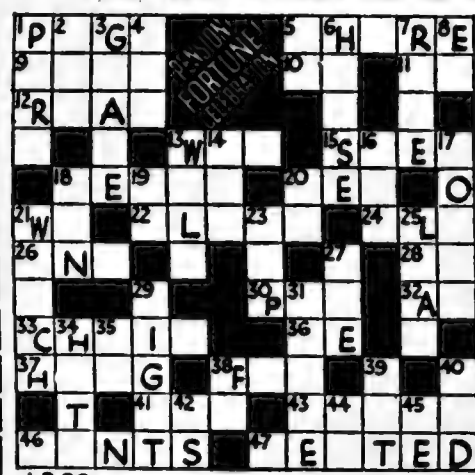
CLUES DOWN

- Very big one usually causes pageant producer difficulties
- High card and high filer
- Coal's value as fuel depends on the one it's put into
- This fish has wriggled in again
- Careless without care
- Its rate of progress does not meet modern requirements
- Short one is easier to manage
- Half seen at end of garden
- Unsteadiness in this is a bad sign
- Finish of finale
- This sheep's in Crews
- Little girls' toys
- Sprayed
- First and last letters in Gaelic
- Pork without middle cut
- You expect an old one to move with difficulty
- Young dare-devil often feels one
- If he'd it handicap plumber
- Shade will show if there's something wrong with this
- It's good to knock off work when it's this
- Knave
- The opposite of love
- Article in demand
- Head and tail of falcon
- Without this the theatre will decline
- It's easy to see when a man is this
- Escape always starts thus
- In both questions and answers
- First part of Test



NEWSPAPER PRIZES: A special prize of £50 will be awarded to the Newspaper from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually receives his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £50 will be divided between shared Newspaper.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 29. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1936.



J.B.29

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

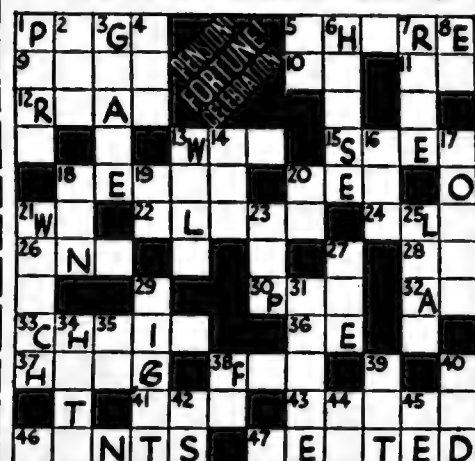
ENTRY
FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 29. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1936.



J.B.29

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY
FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 29, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG
ACRE, LONDON, W.O.2. (Comp.).

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable help

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name

Address

AFFIX
1d.
STAMP
HERE

AFFIX
1d.
STAMP
HERE

DHYLLIS (Burton).—"What is the best way to retain blonde hair?" Never say dye.

T. S. (Tavistock).—"The bridle I found in my garden must be five hundred years old." Another bit of old England.

DESIGNER (Stratford, E.).—"My first job was to draw a monogram for the firm's notepaper." Initial work then.

RELIABLE (Nottingham).—"And I stand behind every gun I sell." It's the safest place.

W. B. (Birmingham).—"He used to be a taxi driver, now he's a major." He rose from the ranks.

DIVER (Southampton).—"I am very enthusiastic about my job." You're immersed in it, as it were?

BERTHA (Elstree).—"I have a jolly good mind to go on the films." But you need a jolly good face, also.

H. E. (Norwich).—"What is the cause of all the domestic explosions we hear about?" Old flames, very often.

TOM J. (Salisbury).—"No dyspeptic ever dines and wines." No; he dines and whines.

M. S. (Prescot).—"I am determined to face the music." You should conduct an orchestra.

M. C. (Penge).—"Do so-called new-laid eggs come straight from the nest?" No, oval.

DAVID G. (Salisbury).—"Nine of us entered for a local ploughing match." And everyone turned up!

SPORTSMAN (Pennington).—"It is a shame that there will be practically no partridges this season." But you still have your grouse.

ANNOYED (Knightsbridge).—"What would you say to a street-musician who constantly banged his drum outside your house?" Beat it!

J. F. H. (Leeds).—"I am thinking of spending a holiday in Switzerland, but I can't climb for nuts." You are sure you don't mean Africa?

C. G. (Pimlico).—"Times are not too happy when one has to submit, as I have done for a week, to a diet of nothing but salads." Out of joint.

FATHER (Oxford).—"I would like to give my small son a surprise for his birthday. Where could I safely hide it until the day?" In the bathroom.

F. P. (Walthamstow).—"When the electricity supply failed last week I was the only person in the street who was prepared." There was no one else to hold a candle to you.

T. Y. (Hull).—"I read that an Arabian sheik handed over every one of his police to a neighbouring chief for some new territory." They were then, of course, a spent force.

Mrs. S. (Herne Bay).—"If my husband had once more accused me of waiting at table all wrong, I should have gone and bought a robot waiter at his expense!" That would have served him right.

BOXER (Surrey).—"I've had to meet policemen in my last five fights, and on each occasion have won by a knock-out." You evidently know how to lay down the law.

MANUFACTURER (West London).—"When a gramophone record was made to advertise my firm's goods I insisted on doing part of the talking for it." You had a voice in the matter.

SPORTSMAN (Hove).—"There is no greater thrill than watching the horse you've backed flash past the post." Providing, of course, that there aren't about half a dozen others in front of it.



THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



"We had one of these at home, in a little pot."

From "The Passing Show"

J. R. (Exeter).—"I never criticise my wife's clothing." You just make allowances.

FRUIT GROWER (Kent).—"We had an interesting talk about spraying plum trees." A fruitful discussion, we hope.

P. R. (Leicester).—"Youth is knocking at the door." Why, has their ball come over the fence again?

P. M. (Mornington Crescent).—"When I realised I had been caught I ran after him." You wanted to catch him?

S. P. (Bedford).—"I'm still seeking a nice green bank." Where they will grant an overdraft?

Mrs. G. T. J. (Walsall).—"Do you believe in wives making up?" Yes, especially if they started the quarrel.

Mrs. N. (Yeovil).—"Goldfish are sociable little things." Well, they are generally in the swim.

M. P. (Colne).—"The modern youth does not put his shoulder to the wheel like I had to when a boy." No, he just 'phones to the nearest garage.

WEAVER (Blackburn).—"At our cricket match last week the cotton operatives mystified the batsmen by their bowling." The usual spinners?

CLAUDE (St. Andrews).—"Where to-day can you find the youngster who will just go on smiling when everything is going wrong?" On the links carrying clubs.

B. J. (Paddington).—"Some people are never satisfied unless they are looking into the bottom of an empty pint pot." And you, too, can see nothing in it?

Mrs. G. (Chingford).—"My husband weighs eighteen stone, and was selected as anchor at a tug-of-war we had last week at the local fete." Last but not least!

W. F. (Oxford).—"For over two hundred years nobody has been able to improve on the violin." And for over two years the little girl in the flat above us has not been able to improve on the piano.

P. C. (Bridport).—"What is a large Gruyere cheese likely to fetch?" Mice.

P.S. (Hinckley).—"Somehow I could not grasp the thread of his argument." You didn't cotton on.

R. B. (Worcester).—"I shall never forget the first girl I proposed to." Oh! she married you!

S. T. (Retford).—"After all, M.P.s. are just like the rest of us." Rather rough on the rest of us.

ABSTAINER (Bootle).—"Put every conceivable drink together, and, after all, what have you?" A cocktail.

K. R. (Purley).—"All the tradesmen dislike him because he does not pay his bills." He is in their bad books.

ACTOR (London).—"My nose is pure Grecian so they can't expect me to play second-fiddle." Or be snubbed, either.

QUERY (Hereford).—"What would you advise me to do to prevent the slugs eating all my asters?" Kill them.

C. J. (Kettering).—"If a man gives his wife as much money as he can afford, what more can she want?" More than he can afford.

ACTOR (Elstree).—"In my latest film I take the part of a solitary remaining worker in a once-prosperous factory." You play a lone hand, eh?

B. P. (Hendon).—"Can you think of anyone mean enough to steal a poor actress's pearls?" Yes, her publicity agent.

DIVER (Dover).—"Men in our profession have to rely a great deal upon their friends." But aren't they always letting you down?

F. B. (Goole).—"I was on my toes with excitement when I made the last bid, and the auctioneer raised his hammer." It meant a lot to you?

HEAD CLERK (City).—"I have only slipped back once in reaching my present position." It's lucky for you that you're not a steeplejack.

SCIENTIST (Oxford).—"In 1934 I calculated that the sun would be extinct in 200,000,000 years." At the time of going to press you appear to have been 199,999,998 years out.

ENGINEER (Hampstead).—"When the electric train first made its appearance it took many a man's breath away." Especially when he had to run several hundred yards to catch it.

J. W. (Beccles).—"A farmer near here recently found a worm two feet in length." The early bird that caught that worm would want help, not congratulations.

CHARLADY (South Coast).—"After several years of cleaning offices I have now left London and am marrying a coast-guard." So now you will be sweeping the horizon each morning.

TRAVELLER (Dorking).—"There is one air line which won't employ a pilot unless he is a strict teetotaler." They are evidently afraid that a tiny drop might lead to a big one.

M. K. C. (Hoylake).—"I'm very worried over the fact that I've lost my income-tax demand note." That's nothing—it is finding the cash that is usually most worrying.

Mrs. B. (East Ham).—"What is a good thing to do when you are feeling run down?" We prescribe taking a few of the *Examples* for this week's huge Holiday Offer on page 35—as a result, you may soon be running down to the seaside for another tonic.

CONDUCTOR (Westminster).—"As soon as the dustman took his seat in the bus all the others got up and walked out." That was something unusual for him to empty.

TOM (Wembley).—"I have not had an evening's golf this summer because in my opinion the greens are not yet in condition." Our wife makes us mow the lawn and clip the hedge after the office, too.

FARM HAND (Suffolk).—"Until I first tried to drive some sheep into a fold, I always thought that they were very simple animals." Now you know that they are not easily taken in!

D. P. (Reading).—"I've been eating beef for twenty years, and I am as strong as an ox." We've been eating fish for a long time, too, but, nevertheless, we can't swim a stroke.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except of course of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SEPTIC WOUNDS?

OUT with the infection, QUICK, is the Burgess' LION Ointment way. I was amazed at the result of our application," writes Nurse M. F. (Exeter). "Scabies as it heals; forms a clean, new, healthy skin from underneath. Proved safe and sure by countless sufferers, for 69 years—Boils, Carbuncles, Whitlows, Abscesses; Polypus, Piles, Eczema; and even Bad Legs. Keep a box also for Cuts, Burns, Bites, Stings.

LION OINTMENT From Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box 1/3

FREE—List of TYPICAL VALUES

The Season's most popular items of Ladies', Children's and Gent's Wear. All Money-Saving Bargains. Satisfaction or Money Back Guaranteed.

SEND ME FREE YOUR SPECIAL LIST OF TYPICAL VALUES (The Coupon may be sent in unsealed envelope 4d. postage).

J.D. WILLIAMS & CO LTD
Dpt. B.F. The Dab St. Warehouse MANCHESTER

BEER FOR 1D PER PINT

REFRESHING & SUSTAINING
SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD
EASILY MADE AT HOME
FROM **VIGGORMALT**
(Malt)
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH
EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS
Simply add cold water
FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN
State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

£900 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 26

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 26, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 32) were those submitted by the following eleven competitors, who share the £750 offered as First Prize:—

Mrs. A. Avery, 2, Hengaston Street, Bedminster, Bristol.
E. Bowers, 26, Blue Coat Street, Warrington.
J. J. Entwistle, 9, Spencer Street, Accrington.
F. Holker, 49, Eanam, Blackburn.
I. James, 83, Charles Street, Tonypandy, Rhondda.
E. Miller, 70, North Side, Clapham Common, S.W.
J. Owens, 56, Gildow Road, Liverpool.
T. E. Ring, 345, Shalesmoor, Sheffield.
A. Roche, 25, Prospect Road, Leicester.
P. Shaw, The Manor House, Gt. Ayton, Yorks.
B. Simpson, 161, Lr. Addiscombe Road, Croydon.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £68 3s. 8d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 221 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 13s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. A Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to each Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A Surprise Award for each of 1,502 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted on August 5.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

OXFORD MAIL:—"... but were very much alarmed at the noise, which they described as similar to a canon."

THE OBSERVER AND WEST SUSSEX RECORDER:—"Then," she said, a BRAKE coming into her voice, 'things are to go on as before...'

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The choice was made by the joint committee representative of Conservatives, LIBELS and Socialist voters."

THE IRISH POST AND BELFAST MORNING NEWS:—"Casualties among British soldiers during the week-end totalled three—one wounded by a PULLET..."

THE SHERBORNE POST:—"Local gardeners are not pessimistic about the prospects for the peas and beans season."

NORTH DEVON HERALD:—"... of Rafael Sabatini's tale of piracy on the high SEAS..."

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure and interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 3-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earphone equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. V. of Bethnal Green, writes:—"Received Wireless Set in perfect condition and I must say it is a wonderful set for the money. My sister heard it, and sent for one the same day, which she has also received and thinks wonderful. My father has got a Wireless Set that he had from you 8 years ago, and it is still in good working order, with the same valves you sent with the set."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hots. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sias-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

BLOOD TROUBLES AND CIRCULATORY DISORDERS A Free Offer.

★ A GENEROUS sample of an excellent remedy for all circulatory disorders and kindred ailments is offered on the Back Cover. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials explaining all about Elasto, the new biological remedy which restores the natural power of healing through the blood, will also be sent to these readers who turn to the announcement on the Back Cover and Fill in the Free Coupon.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pint of bile flows from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those a pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-. (2)

RHEUMATISM NEEDLESS SUFFERING.

"Urace brand tablets have been taken consistently by a person suffering from Arthritis and very beneficial results have been obtained when other treatment had failed to give relief."—Nurse —, Goodmayes, Essex. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

MY NEW WAY TO END SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Solves Every Woman's Problem



A great British scientist says: "After years of experiment I have at last found a safe and easy way to end all ugly unwanted hair. You simply wash it away just as easily as washing your face. No smell, no mess, or bother." This amazing discovery has been purchased by the manufacturers of Veet. New Veet is made according to this new formula which simply dissolves away the hair. New Veet looks, feels and smells just like a high class toilet cream. You apply it direct from the tube, and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone. The skin is soft, smooth and white. No stubble, no coarse regrowth.

The razor method is prehistoric, out of date—makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The safe, modern, scientific way is New Veet. If you are not positively delighted with results, your money refunded in full. 6d. and 1/3d.

THIS FREE BOOK

and Illustrated Brochure WILL SOLVE YOUR FURNISHING TROUBLES

A FREE copy of "You and Your Home," a wonderful Guide to Home Happiness, together with special illustrated brochure containing selection of furniture on easy terms from as low as 4/6 a month is waiting to be sent to You! Simply fill in and post the Coupon in the Drage announcement on p. 23.

"I was under Hospital care for months, but my hair would not grow."



Her Hair Grew by using KOTALKO

LONDON, W.11. "My hair fell out," writes Mrs. Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again. Then I used KOTALKO—and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph."

Thousands of men and women have regained fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They regrow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-clogging, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin, or falling out, or is full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN Ltd. 9, Percy Street (S.E.K.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME ADDRESS



"John Bull's" travellers look into the future

THEY'LL SEE THE WORLD

SOMEWHERE in Cornwall the happiest young couple in England to-day are now on their honeymoon—and soon they will be returning to the home they have prepared at "Westbrook," Westbrook Road, Blackheath.

But when I met them a few days ago they were just Mr. Hugh Smith and Miss Winnie Kirk, writes a JOHN BULL man. And, having travelled to many countries myself, I was able to tell them something of the wonders they will later see on the 40,000-mile World Cruise.

That, with a cheque for £1,000 and a Life Pension of £6 weekly commenced with a first payment last week and arrangements are now being completed for he and his wife to sail on the World Cruise of s.s. "Franconia," leaving Southampton for New York just after Christmas on the first stage of her journey.

"This enormous surprise has made a marvellous difference in our lives," said the winner, when I called at the flat above Danbury's Café at No. 28, Eltham Road, Lee, to congratulate him on the triple prize and the Bullet with which he won it. And he went on to tell me that his entry for the World Cruise Contest consisted of a single coupon cut from JOHN BULL and entered at the very last minute!

"I had been sending Bullets in regularly for three years," he said. "But recently when we were so busy with our plans for getting married, I had not kept it up every week. In fact, I'd allowed my Bullets Bulletin supply to run out, although I'd been taking it for months and had found its hints a great help, especially the notes on efforts that went wrong."

"I am a commercial traveller employed by a City rubber firm," he continued, "and spend my days 'on the road' selling engineering supplies. Fortunately, however, I anticipate no difficulty in making arrangements for time off to go on the World Cruise."

I had a plan of the Franconia with me and we were just "exploring" the fine ship in which these honeymooners will sail round the world, when Mr. Smith's parents came home and joined in our talk. "Hugh's wedding-day will be the 41st anniversary of our own marriage," his mother told me, "so it will be a great day. But I'm not so sure that his First Prize telegram didn't make yesterday a greater day still! Our boy has worked hard and it is grand to think that he and Winnie will start their married life with this wonderful prize."

Several other "Bulletoers" ships will have come home by the time Mr. and Mrs. Smith set out on their adventure. Yours can be one of the first, if you make up your mind to capture this week's fine 2-in-1 Holiday First Prize.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,036.

First Prize, £500 plus 2,500-mile Holiday Tour of Europe for Two.

J. P. BRANDON, 1, Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland.

Example: WHEN DAD WENT CYCLING

Bullet: BOUND FAR—FOUND BAR!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Miss G. OTTAWAY, 18a, Bawtree Road, New Cross, S.E.

Example: In The Sick-room

Bullet: Sonny's "Battling"—"Soldiers" Idle.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

L. PEARSON, 75, Woodhouse Road, Intake, Sheffield.

Example: Friendly Neighbours

Bullet: German Demands—With Threats!

OTHER PRIZES:

220: R. A. ROBINSON, 5, Ravensmere E., Beccles, Suffolk.

Shelter From The Storm—For All, "Calvary's Tree."

218: E. D. LEESON, Station House, Hubberts Bridge, nr. Boston.

On The Continent—Discord Constant—Concord Distant.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

216: O. H. ARBUTHNOT, Rora, Great Austina, Farnham, Surrey.

Not So Dusty—Teacher's Caricature—Sonny's Pants!

214: W. C. FORT, 13, Kay Street, Clitheroe, Lancs.

On The Continent—"Olive-branches" More Like Catapults.

212: W. H. HORSEMAN, 19a, High Street, Bromley, Kent.

Run For Our Money—Assured, "Financing" Kiddies' Play.

210: E. KELLY, "Titchhurst," Maidstone Road, Borough Green, Kent.

When Dad Went Cycling—The "Locals" Ran Out.

K. PARKER, 54, Albert Terrace, Dewsbury.

Nothing To Keep—"Searching" For, Life Reveals.

28: C. D. RYDER, New-on Lane, Preston Brook, Warrington.

Shelter From The Storm—Street Cricketers—"Glass Falling."

27: C. W. KEARMAN, 22, Potternewton Avenue, Leeds.

In Matrimony's Harbour—"Adventuring"—Farewell, Seven Seas!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

26: C. D. MACMURRAY, 88, Langside Avenue, Glasgow.

If I'd My Way—Possibly All I'd Have!

25: Miss A. H. FRANKS, 10, Mertins Road, London, S.E.

Not So Dusty—Life's "Road." After "Spray."

24: F. WHITTAKER, 29, Morningside Drive, East Didsbury, Manchester.

Slyly—"Sandman" Captured "Robber Chief."

23 10a: V. WILLIAMS, 2, Cromwell Road, Birchgrove, Cardiff.

Gorgeous Creature—Parading Front—And Back!

FIVE of £3 each:

E. CAMPBELL, 65, Arklet Road, Drumoyne, Glasgow.

Showed His Strength—Threw Mother-in-law—A Kiss!

B. CAVE, 7, Dyke Road, Brighton.

On The Continent—"Organisations" "Galore"—Chaos Incredible.

2. RADVENT, 378, Rochdale Road, nr. Blackley, Manchester.

In The Sick-room—"Coloured Medicines" In Vases.

C. W. SHAW, 104, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.

If I'd My Way—"Wide," I May.

H. E. SYMONS, 2, Bedford Park Villas, Fyfe-mouth.

On The Continent—"Cooked" News From "Fires."

A list of 5 £2 10s., 25 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. prize winners can be seen at these offices.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food

Elasto

REGISTERED

for veins, arteries and heart

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug—but a Vital Cell-Food

Elasto is something new to curative science. It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissues needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—the real basis of sound health.



Elasto Cures Through The Blood!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. It is prepared in tiny tablets (which dissolve instantly on the tongue) and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantage of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. The tiny tablets dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood. No drugs; no adhesive bandages; Elasto cures through the blood!

What Users of Elasto Say

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Elasto put new life into me."
- "I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
- "My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
- "Now walk long distances with ease."
- "Elasto has cured my bad legs."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Elasto has quite cured my Eczema."
- "It put me on my feet."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
- "I am now free from pain."
- "Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
- "Elasto has saved me pounds."

ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE REMEDY

Whatever therapeutic theory may be fashionable at the moment, one indisputable fact will always remain, and that is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood form the basis of life and health. Elasto is based entirely on this common-sense physical fact.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this New Biological Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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The Great Blood Revitaliser
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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

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Elasto will save you pounds!